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TO THE UNATTAINABLE.

Dear, how many the songs I bring to you
Woven of dream stuffs, pleasure and pain,
All the songs of my life I sing to you,
And you hear, and never answer again.
Though no rhyme do your dear lips say to me,
Yet, my poet, sweet songs you bring;
When you smile, then the angels play to me
Tunes to the silent songs you sing.

All my soul goes forth in a song to you,
All my deeds for your sake are done,
All my laurels and bays belong to you,
In your name are my battles won.
Just by living you make my life dear to me,
Though your lips never speak my name;
'Tis your hands that in dreams appear to me,
Bringing me all that I ask of fame.

What though here you are wholly lost to me,
Though you never will know or see,
Though life's pain be this worship's cost to me
Am I not richer than great kings be?
Have I not you, in the holiest heart of me—
You, in the eyes which see you alone?
Shall I not rise to your soul, which is part of me
Till you shall meet me and know your own?
—E. Nesbit in Longman's Magazine.

TRAILED BY INDIANS.

The old Indian hunter laid down his paper saying: "I've been amused mightily to hear some folks discussing the threatened outbreak among the redskins, the coolness with which they talk of such, and the sneaking sympathy they've got with the devils. I'd just like to take such and give them just a month's residence on the plains, when the Indians are holding councils and breathing out fire and murder and worse. I tell you I'd hear mighty little talk of sympathy then, and see precious little coolness. But it takes us, who have gone through such, to know the horrors of an Indian war, the terrors threatening not men alone, but women and children, ay, the very baby in the cradle. I don't believe in people's hair turning white with trouble or anxiety, for mine would be as white as cotton if such would do it. Especially once did I have a fearful experience with redskins. Want to hear about it?

"Well, it was in '43, and I'd been out trading 'mong the Flatheads and the Nez Perces for nearly two years off and on, when one day I caught on to a scheme the Flatheads had gotten up to raid a little settlement near to where Canton, Nev., now stands. There were three families living there, and the plan was to wait until the men went to Carson City for provisions, when the women and children were to be killed and the cattle run off by one party, while another waylaid the men on the way back and murdered them. I was up about Winnemucca when I got hold of this, and I set off for Canton as hard as I could go, but the men were gone by the time I reached the settlement, which was called Ridley's Camp. I had reason to fear the Indians were only a few hours behind me, and we had to move quickly. Our only chance was to hide out in the mountains till they left the neighborhood or to work our way as best we could by night to Carson City.

"It was useless to think of saving the men, so I just kept that part of the business to myself. There were in all thirteen of us, two women and their seven children, and three little chaps, whose mother had died the week before, and me. The first thing I did while the women were getting ready was to stampede the cattle and horses to keep the Indians from getting them; then as we started I shut up the houses, to keep the redskins as long as possible there before they found out the people had run away.

"We made the little creek called Snake river by daylight, and after reconnoitering I made the whole party wade out to an island in the middle, which was about 20 by 30 feet and covered with flags and rushes and some stunted willows. Here we lay all day, for the most part down on our stomachs under the brush. Of course we could build no fire nor move about, so we ate the cold victuals the women had had brought along, and I dipped up water in my cap. Twice parties of Indians stopped not a hundred yards below where we were to water their horses, but judging from their actions I knew they did not suspect any one was near them, but were probably on their way to Ridley's. They did not linger, but rode on at once, much to my relief, for all the time they were within hearing I am sure I did not draw a breath a minute for fear one of the children would cry out, when we would have all been massacred; but the poor little things, with the exception of a child a few weeks old, were too badly scared to stir or speak unless bidden; and as for the women, they put any man I ever saw to shame with their calmness and courage.

"When night came we struck out for a line of hills lying about five miles away, and where I counted on finding a cave, or at least a hiding place. Of course I and the women and the larger children could have made it without difficulty, but being obliged to wait on the little ones and to carry them every half mile or so we were nearly all night getting to the nearest hill. We'd gone about a mile when low down on the horizon I saw a dull glow, and knew the Indians were burning the camp, and that they'd be on our trail in a little while. When we got to the hill I could see nothing like a cave, and while it was pretty heavily wooded there was no place to hide where the Indians would not spy us directly. I was looking about me when I caught a glimse of a black bear running around a rocky spur about half way up the hill. I followed just in time to see her go tumbling or climbing down a sort of gash in the earth, and which I knew must be her den. Without stopping, I jumped after her and found myself in a little cave about 10 by 10 feet, but with another larger one leading away toward the center of the hill.

"The bear began to growl when she saw me, and I saw, when my eyes got accustomed to the dim light, that she had two cubs in the den with her, which she was going to defend. So, aiming as carefully as I could, I fired at her, breaking her skull, after which I killed the two cubs and transferred my party to the cave. The last of the cold meat and bread was then eaten, and the women and children, creeping into the larger division, which was, however, only about 4 feet in height, went to rest. But I was too anxious to sleep, tired as I was, so I hoisted myself out of the cavern and climbed to the top of the hills, to see if I could see aught of the Indians.

"Several times it seemed to me that I saw a band moving along the line of the horizon, and while the specks might have been cattle I thought it best to stay where we were all that day, that night, and the next day. Our great trouble was water, which had to be brought from a spring on the other side of the hill, and as only a small quantity could be brought at a time, my cap being the only vessel we had, the children especially suffered a good deal. At last one of the women discovered a flat rock with a hollow dip in the middle which would hold about two quarts or so, and I kept this filled as a cistern. I ventured that night to roast a piece of the bear in a hole in the ground, which change of diet was a welcome one. I never passed such a time since I was born, for I dared not sleep an hour for fear of a surprise, and the weight of responsibility I felt, with those poor helpless creatures on my hands, was simply awful.

"Late on the second day, when I climbed the hill for a last look, I saw a small band of Indians not more than an eighth of a mile away. They did not number more than seven, but were armed and in full war dress, and were heading straight for the hill. Dropping on my all fours I ran as fast as I could for the mouth of the cavern, and scrambling down soon had the women and children crouched up in the far end of the larger division, where no shots fired into the smaller could reach them, though I hoped the Indians would either pass by altogether or fail to find us if they halted. Silence then was absolute necessity, and the women impressed this on the children. I then went back, and by clinging to one of the bushes swinging across the entrance to the cave peered out to see what the redskins meant to do. I could see they had struck our trail and suspected we were somewhere about, for they dismounted, and scattering, began to search the woods.

"As they drew near our hiding place I dropped down into it, and cocked the guns the women had brought and my own trusty rifle. I suppose my frequent goings in and comings out had left some trace, for they seemed to notice the entrance at once, and presently I saw a head peering over. The dim light of the cave might have prevented the owner from seeing me, but, as ill luck would have it, the infant child I spoke of wailed out just at this particular moment. The cry was stifled in an instant, but it had been heard, and the head craned over further, while another and another popped over. I was crouching down as close as I could, but, hearing the click of a trigger, I knew concealment was no longer possible, and blazed away. Two screams told me a couple of heads had been hit, and the third disappeared. I heard a voice shouting for the others to come up, and could distinguish the tones of a colloquy being held, though without hearing what was said.

"Presently a lighted torch was flung into the cave, but I had retreated into the farther one, and, nothing being visible, the Indians were nonplussed, and I heard one cry out that there was nothing there. Another retorted angrily that some one had killed Blue Water and Leaping Turtle. This was followed by a patter of shots on the floor of the cave, one of which, rebounding, struck one of the children on the breast, but though the bullet imbedded itself in his skin, the plucky little fellow did not utter a sound. As their firing still produced no effect, the Indians did not know how to account for matters, and presently one of them was imprudent enough to stick his head over the edge, but I made no move, and they held another council. It was evident that they feared to enter the cave, not knowing how many lay concealed within it, and at last they hit on the very plan I had been dreading.

"A lighted torch was thrown over, and a quantity of leaves and moss was pushed after it, but their amiable intention of smoking us out failed, owing to the dampness of the leaves and moss and my having deluged the earthen floor of the cave with all the water we had on hand. Seeing this fail they summoned up courage to enter the cavern, and as we saw the five forms leap over the women and I opened on them. I killed my man instantly, and so did Mrs. Ridley, who immediately let a dusky devil who, screaming, rushed upon her have the full contents of the other barrel in his breast. The other woman missed her aim, and the next moment was in the grasp of one of the Indians, but before I could come to her rescue her son, a boy of 12, had flung his arms around the redskin's neck and hanging on his back kept him from striking, when the woman, picking up a tomahawk, struck him a tremendous blow on the forehead. He dropped like a log, crushing the boy beneath him. The remaining Indian, seeing his companions fall, made a break for the entrance, and was just climbing out when I caught him, and, firing, brought him down with a broken arm and a ball in his side.

"Seeing him helpless and thinking him dying I did not shoot again, but went back to the women, whom I found shrieking with excitement. I quieted them and congratulated them on their courage, which, however, was entirely gone as soon as the call for it was over. I rolled the Indian off the boy, who was considerably bruised by the weight of the dead body, but otherwise not hurt. The wounded Indian I found to be an old acquaintance of mine, and seeing he was dying rapidly I did not disturb him. He told me that, finding Ridley's Camp deserted, the main party had gone back home, but that, suspecting me of having warned them, some of the young hotbloods had followed us to be avenged on me. They were pretty certain that I was the only man in the party, but did not know but what others had joined us.

"Well, we took possession of the ponies, and were able to travel much more rapidly, though had it not been nearly desperate to think of walking in our exhausted condition, I would not have risked riding them, for a man on foot has twenty chances on the plains to one the mounted fellow has. We reached Carson City without further adventure, though starvation and thirst and fatigue were our constant companions, and there found the woman's husband and the other man, who were just starting home. I had to get a doctor to give me something to quiet my nerves, for, for eight days and nights, I had not slept more than thirty minutes out of every twenty-four hours, and even after all were safe I could not quit listening for noises."—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The Glass Snake.

People say there is no such thing as a glass snake, but they are mistaken. It is true this reptile is not very common, and is becoming more and more rare, but it is still occasionally to be found. The peculiarity of the snake is its joints are so loosely connected that if you strike it with a stick it breaks into half a dozen or more pieces. The old superstition was that the pieces would reunite if let alone. There is no truth about this part of the story, though, like many other creatures of the lower order, this snake is believed to have the power of reproducing a portion of its tail should a part be broken off. But when thoroughly broken up by a hard blow the joint snake, as they call it in the country, is quite dead, and the ease with which it is killed accounts for its rapid extinction.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pigeons and Balloons.

In the North of England pigeons have long been used to convey messages between country houses and market towns, and in Russia they are now being employed to convey negatives of photographs taken in balloons. The first experiment of the kind was made from the cupola of the cathedral of Isaac, and the subject photographed was the winter palace. The plates were packed in envelopes impenetrable to light, and then tied to the feet of the pigeons, which safely and quickly carried them to the station at Volkovo.—Cornhill Magazine.

Notes and Cards.

It is more usual in social notes to put the address at the head of your note, and the date at the conclusion. It is courteous for a man writing to a woman, whose husband he does not know, to address the letter to the husband "for" the wife. Do not use the form "Mrs. Smith, care Mr. Smith." A very convenient and now quite usual custom is to commence your note on the fourth page, and continue to the third, second and first. The woman leaves a card upon you only, while her husband's cards are intended one for you and one for your husband. On returning cards for yourself and your husband, of course you will follow the same rule.—Harper's Bazar.

A SPIDER'S PREDICTION.

HOW IT CONTRIBUTED TO THE DOWNFALL OF UTRECHT.

The Insect's Prophecy Led Pichegru to Wait and Attack Holland's Stronghold. It Foretold a Cold Spell—Dis Jonval's Observations Gave Him Liberty.

A narrow prison cell, a wan and haggard inmate, gloom and damp.

A single window only, barely a foot square, heavily barred and six feet, at least, from the ground.

Prostrate upon a wretched heap of straw in a corner was the prisoner; not asleep, but watching intently; and watching what? One might guess a dozen times and yet not hit upon the truth.

And the prisoner, upon his side upon his heap of straw, his chin resting upon his hand and his elbow fixed upon the floor, watched a large spider's web spun in the corner.

A curious place for a spider to rear his airy castle—a corner of that dark cell where the sunlight never came and fine fat flies were few and far between.

For no crime had the Frenchman suffered, for Dis Jonval was a Frank, born and bred. He had simply talked of liberty and equal rights to man within the dominion of the potent stadtholder of Holland.

At first the Frenchman rejoiced that the martyr's fate was his, and when he discovered the spider in the corner of the dungeon he talked to him of liberty and brotherhood. But even the spider fled from the sanguine republican. And as weeks grew into months Dis Jonval grew weary of his confinement and pined for the free air of heaven. The stadtholder was iron, tears and prayers moved him not a jot. Then, too, the "tricolor" menaced Holland, and the French general, Pichegru, with a large force, was hovering on the frontier like some huge bird of prey preparing for a swoop upon his quarry.

The spider, too, was a constant source of consolation, and from long observations of the habits of his black friend the Frenchman became wise. The spider never appeared during bad weather, and Dis Jonval was able to predict frost at least a week previous to its coming simply by watching the spider's movements and noting his own feelings, for he had observed that when the spider kept securely housed he (the Frenchman) was usually troubled with a bad headache.

And while Dis Jonval was amusing himself with these interesting observations troublous times came to Holland.

Pichegru, with an overwhelming force, advanced suddenly across the border. The stadtholder did not attempt to dispute the march of the Frenchman. He simply retired, and when the French army was well in the center of the land he adopted against the invaders the old time tactics that years before had baffled Spanish Alva, and had cost a French king's brother, the Duke of Anjou, a splendid army. The word was given and the dykes were cut; a flat country, the greater part of it below the level of the sea, Pichegru found in the Holland seas a far greater foe than was the Holland armies. The Dutchland was all a swamp, the Frenchman could not advance—could hardly retreat; the fate of Anjou and his gallant army seemed in store for him. He had waited until winter set in before he had given the command for the forward movement, for the wily Gaul had anticipated the tactics of the Holland commander. But the weather had suddenly shifted around, and an almost summer mildness reigned over the land. And affairs were thus on the morning when the prisoner of Utrecht lay at full length upon his pallet and watched for his friend the spider.

The jailer brought the prisoner his breakfast, a sorry repast enough, for the prudent Dutchman knew that there was nothing like simple food to reduce hot blood and curb impetuous wills.

"You do not eat, mynheer," said the jailer, who leaned by the door, swung his keys musically and watched the prisoner.

"I have little appetite."

"That is bad," the jailer remarked thoughtfully; "mynheer should eat and keep his strength."

Dis Jonval made a wry face.

"Bah! such food as this is enough to take away the appetite of a well man, let alone a sick man," the Frenchman said.

"That is true, mynheer," the jailer replied; "the food is coarse, but I will see that you have a better dinner, although I go against my instructions and would suffer if the government should find it out."

"The matter is between us two," Dis Jonval rejoined. "I shall say nothing, and I judge that you will not care to speak of it."

"I feel more inclined to do you a kindness, mynheer, because two days ago I thought it might be probable that we should change places—you become the jailer and I the prisoner."

"How so?" asked the Frenchman in astonishment.

The jailer then related to Dis Jonval what had transpired during the past week. He told of Pichegru's advance, how the French general had threatened the capture of Utrecht, and had only been prevented from taking the town by the cutting of the dykes and the flooding of the country with water.

"You see, mynheer," said the jaler in conclusion, "your countrymen depended upon hard weather. If a frost had come he certainly would have taken the city, but as it is he will soon have to retreat to Belgium."

"Hark ye, Botolf," said Dis Jonval, "if I could get a note to Pichegru he would be sure to procure my release by intercession with the stadtholder, possibly by exchanging a prisoner for me. Now will you do me a good turn—give me pen, ink and paper, and afterward smuggle the note through the line to the French general?"

"I could do that easily enough," the jailer said, thoughtfully. "My brother is turning a pretty penny now by supplying Pichegru with fresh provisions, but"—and he hesitated.

"Do not fear; what possible information can I, a poor, helpless prisoner, convey to Pichegru?"

"That is true," the jailer said. "It is a bargain."

Great was the astonishment of the French general to receive a note dated from the prison of Utrecht. And what did the note contain?

A simple explanation about the spider, who had not appeared for three days, and the writer's headache. Within a week he predicted a hard frost and prayed Pichegru not to fall back.

The general knew Dis Jonval; he resolved to wait a week, and then, true prophet, O spider! there came the hardest frost that Holland had known for 100 years. The waters were bound with an icy chain. The French advanced, Utrecht fell and Dis Jonval was released. To the spider's warning the prisoner of Utrecht owed his release.—Atlanta Constitution.

Puzzled Over the Check.

The knowledge that some women possess of business and finance is astonishing. And then again the knowledge that some women do not possess on the self same topic is still more astonishing. There is one peculiar thing about a woman's business tact and talent. It doesn't seem to matter how bright she may be, as soon as a check gets into the transaction she is in deep water. I had occasion the other morning to pay a bill of $7.50, and with the air of a man proud of the fact that a thinly clad collector did not have to wear out four pairs of shoes chasing him, I walked into the store and handed out a check for the amount of the bill. The young woman looked at both sides of the check and studied it carefully, reading it as if it were a continued love story. She finally glanced up and remarked:

"I don't know about this."

Thinking that she meant to cast some reflection on the value of the check, I was just getting myself into shape to retaliate, when a smile came over the young woman's face as if she had at last reached the land, and she said:

"I haven't handled many checks, but I guess I know how."

Then she indorsed the check, recipted the bill, handed them both back to me, and said in a very sweet way:

"Thank you very much."

This left me with my bill receipted and a check for $7.50. In other words, I was $7.50 ahead in the transaction. I explained the situation to the young woman, but from the vacant look on her face it was easy to see that she couldn't grasp the mistake. The check was too much for her.

I told the story in part a few minutes later to a cynical newspaper man, and he remarked:

"That shows what a woman knows about business. Did you give the check back?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, it seems to me that that shows what you know about business," was his next remark, made in a disgusted tone.—Kansas City Times.

Inspecting the Public Servants' Quarters.

An incident occurred at the reception of one of the members of the cabinet which afforded a good deal of amusement to the hostess and the ladies who were receiving with her. While the reception was in progress a gentleman and lady, accompanied by a boy about 16 years of age, came into the parlor. They were entire strangers to every one there, but the lady, with complete self possession and an easy manner introduced herself and her husband and her son to each one in the party. In speaking she betrayed a slight foreign accent.

Her husband was evidently an American, and the trio were genteelly dressed and had a well to do appearance. After making a circuit of the line of the receiving party the woman remarked, in a tone that was audible to every one in the room, "We will now look through the house."

This they proceeded to do with great deliberation, examining the paintings and statuary with critical eyes and making remarks that every one heard.

"This is a fine painting," the woman remarked to her husband as they came to a halt before one of the pictures.

"I suppose that this piece was imported," she said as they looked at some statuary.

With a running fire of comment of this character the party made a tour of the parlors, and then they turned to the staircase and were about to ascend when they were stopped and informed that the upper part of the house was not open to visitors. They then quietly left the house with the air of people who had performed a duty in visiting one of the public places of interest in the city.

The hostess, who was amused by the incident, expressed regret, when she found that they had departed, that she had not ascertained who they were and what kind of a place they took her house to be.—Washington Star.

Too Much for a Gourmet.

Once on a time a woodcock was sent as a tribute of respectful admiration to a French cure. Done to a golden brown and reposing on an equally brown slice of toast, the repast awaited the knife and fork of the good priest, when he was called away for a moment. His absence was short, but alas! it was long enough for a cat—a miserable cat—to make off with the expected treat. At least that was what Catherine the cook told the cure when he returned. Easter came, and the good woman was obliged to kneel before the confessional and confess her misdeeds. When her venial sins had been disposed of she stopped short.

"Well, Catherine, go on," said the confessor; "others are waiting." "I dare not, father." "Is it so very bad?" "Yes, yes, father. You remember that woodcock?" "The woodcock stolen by the cat—do I not?" exclaimed the priest in a dolorous voice. "I was the cat," gasped Catherine. "You ate it?" asked the priest. "Yes, father, next day." "And how?" "Cold." "Cold! and you a cook, who might have made it into a salmi! Wretched woman, you shall not have absolution!"—Exchange.

Several Kinds of Eels.

Often in smelting on the ice what is incorrectly called a conger eel is caught. This fish has an eel-like body and sculpin-like head with a perfectly diabolical expression. The fishermen always cut off the hook and allow the fish to drop in the water after hammering him to death. They will snap at the finger of a person, and are said to be very poisonous, which I doubt, although I have noticed that cats will not eat them. The true conger or sea eel is often 10 feet long and weighs 100 pounds. Then there is the so called "slime eel," which gets into codfish in the trawl and eats them out, leaving only a sack of fish bones when he is through. These are worthless, but the true eel is a delicacy second to no fish. Part of his ill name comes from his tenacity of life. His gill covers fit so snugly when out of water that his gills are a long time in drying up. The flounder is another fish nearly as tough. Spawn is never seen in eels as in smelts, tomcods, etc. And it is a mystery to most people where and how they deposit their eggs. Some claim that the white substance clinging to their sides is spawn. —G. W. Singer in Lewiston Journal.

It Bothered Him.

The late Gen. Spinner was a hunter, fisherman, trapper, botanist and naturalist, and could always give a good reason except in the case of a frog. He firmly believed that the creature's fore legs ought to have been made the longer, and could show wherein such a thing would have been a great advantage.—Detroit Free Press.

Particular.

"You're in a hurry," said the impertinent conductor.

"No; you're quite wrong," retorted the sarcastic passenger. "Quite the reverse. I'm in a horse car."—Harper's Bazar.

Queer Pencils.

A nail in one's shoe is neither comfortable nor convenient, but a nail in one's pocket may possess both of these attributes and be useful and fashionable as well. Oxidized silver nails are made in exact facsimiles of iron ones, so nearly alike that you could not tell the difference. You would pick one up and cast it away or consign it to the cigar box that is kept for home carpentry as readily as you would the real articles. But if you come across one of these nails in an out of the way place examine it carefully, for you will probably find away down on one side a tiny silver point. Push this point forward and you have a lovely pencil fit for a gift in any of the "progressive" games, and nice enough to do duty as a special souvenir of any special occasion.—New York World.

A MINER'S QUEER BEQUEST.

His Pal Gave Up $5,000 and Secured a Fortune by Disobeying the Will.

The other day we met on Kearney street an old time Washoe acquaintance called Jem Briggs, whose usually well worn miner's appearance was on this occasion replaced by a gorgeous display of velvet vest, check pants, red scarf and ponderous watch chain, while his honest and simple face shone above these evidences of prosperity with the placid contentment of a full harvest moon.

"Hello, Jem," we said; "glad to see you looking so prosperous. Must have struck it rich recently."

"So I have," said Jem, and then as his tanned face saddened a little he continued, "but I had a mighty tough loss, though. My partner, Ned Bimber—you remember Ned—has gone up the shaft."

"Dead, eh?"

"Yes; I'll tell you how it was. You see, Ned and I had a quarrel about two years ago. Don't matter now what it was all about. Mebbe Ned was wrong, and mebbe I was, but all the same neither of us would back down—coupl'er fools, you'll say, and so we were, and the upshot was that we parted, and agreed never to speak to each other again."

"And didn't you?"

"No, sir; more shame for us, as we had been pards, thick and thin, for fifteen years together. Well, about six months after that Ned got a good gravel claim up on the Feather, where they've been turning the river bed, and he struck it rich—cleaned up nigh on to $250,000 in ten months."

"And how were you getting on?"

"Oh! clean broke. Working up at Gold Hill for $3 a day. Well I was kinder sneakin' glad to learn of Ned's luck, for all we were outs; but the next thing I heard was that he'd been killed by the bank's caving in on him. He lived just long enough to make his will. Well, the lawyers wrote as how Ned was worth just about $220,000, and the will gave $5,000 apiece to each of three distant cousins of his'n—they had all come out from the east when they heard of Ned's find—and the same amount to me, mind you, just as though we hadn't quarrelled. [illegible] of cuss, and the will provided that none of us should get the money if we attended the funeral. He didn't want anybody at the funeral but just the undertaker. The will said he had 'lived lonely, and he wanted to be buried lonely.' Them's just the words, and I felt they were intended for me, sure. The disposition of the rest of the estate—about $200,000—was provided for in another codicil, to be opened the day after the funeral, but we all suposed it was donated to a charitable object, for Ned hadn't any kin 'ceptin' the cousins."

"Of course you stayed away from the funeral?"

"That's just the point. Somehow I felt so miserable and downhearted—you see Ned was the onliest partner I ever had—that I determined to go and see him sent down on his last cage anyway, money or no money, and I did."

"And the cousins?"

"None of 'em went. Fact is they were so disgusted at the 'divvy' that they cleared out down to 'Frisco to see about breaking the will. So I was the only mourner at the funeral. My friends all thought I was fit for the crazy house to throw away the $5,000 like that—well, I just couldn't help it. It turned out, though, to be the best lead I ever struck."

"How was that?"

"Why the next day when the main will was opened we found it really gave the entire balance of the clean up to whichever of us four disobeyed the condition for the $5,000 bequests. So you see I came in for the whole lump just like a knife. And do you know, as sure as gun's iron I shall allers believe that Ned put up the whole job a purpose—'cause he knowed I'd be thar!" —San Francisco Examiner.

Groundless Complaints.

Aurora, the goddess of the morning, was lamenting among the gods that she, who was so much praised by mankind, was so little loved and sought after by them, and least of all by those who sang of her and praised her most.

"Grieve not at thy fate," said the goddess of wisdom; "is not mine the same? And consider, too," continued she, "who are those that neglect thee, and for what rivals they desert thee. Behold how, whilst thou art passing by, they lie buried in the arms of sleep and waste away body and soul. Besides, hast thou not friends, hast thou not votaries enough? All creation honors thee; all the flowers awake and deck themselves in thy rosy light, in new bridal beauty.

"The choir of birds welcomes thee; each contrives some new device to hail thy brief visits. The industrious husbandman, the studious sage do not neglect thee; they drink from the cup which thou profferest health and strength, quiet and long life, doubly welcome in that they enjoy thee, undisturbed by the noisy rout of sleeping fools. Dost thou dream it little happiness to be beloved, and be unapproached by the multitude? 'Tis the highest pleasure of love among God and men."

Aurora blushed at her groundless complaints, and every fair one who is pure and innocent like her desires the same good fortune for herself.—New York Ledger.

The Commerce of Finland.

Finland is visited yearly by about 10,000 vessels, bringing rather more than 1,250,000 tons of merchandise, and carrying away about the same. The exports from Finland are, for the greater part, forest products, half being of planks, deals, firewood, etc., with 3 per cent. of tar. Farm produce, chiefly butter, forms an additional 15 per cent. of the whole; agricultural products 3 per cent. more; game and fish another 3 per cent.; and various manufactures—iron, tissues and paper—15 per cent. more. On the other hand, the goods brought into the country are fabrics, grain, metals, sugar, cotton, tobacco, wine, oil and brandy.

The exchanges with foreign countries are made to the extent of 70 per cent. by the ships of Finland, of which the commercial fleet numbers 1,600 vessels, having 250,000 tons burden. There is no lack of communication by water.—Henry Lansdell, D. D., in Harper's.

Use of Pussy's Whiskers.

The long hairs on the side of a cat's face are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of fine glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side of the lion as well as on the common cat. From point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect flight we shall at once see the use of these long hairs.

They indicate to him through the nicest feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustling of boughs and leaves which would give warning to his prey if he were to pass too close to a bush, and thus in conjunction with the soft cushions of his fee and the fur upon which he treads —the claws never coming in contact with the ground—they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness even greater than that of the snake, which creeps along the grass and is not perceived until it is coiled around its prey. Is this evolution or design?—South Boston News.

A NEWPORT EPISODE.

An Excursion Party That Took Possession of a Millionaire's Piazza.

One of the cliff cottagers, as they are called in Newport—the cliff cottages being the most costly and luxurious marine villas in the world—was said to have told an amusing and suggestive story of his own experience.

It is the immemorial right of the public in Rhode Island to have access anywhere to the shore, that the right of every one to the common property of the sea may not be abridged. The beautiful walk along the cliff, extending through all the finest estates in Newport between the houses and the shore, is due to this privilege. The result is not altogether agreeable to the proprietors, because the excursion trains and boats are constantly bringing crowds of loiterers and pleasure seekers, who choose for their lunch the choice spots along this promenade.

One day a party of rural visitors arrived on the cottager's grounds to lunch, and not content to restrain their steps to the walk to which they had a right, they construed their rights freely, and under the guidance of an elderly dame wandered over the lawn, and approaching the house as lunch time drew near, ascended the broad seaward piazza, and disposing themselves upon the chairs and sofas, spread their lunch upon the piazza tables and made ready for the repast.

The owner, who from within had watched the proceedings with some perturbation of spirits, then appeared, in a highly imperative mood, upon the piazza, and addressing himself to the elderly dame, who was evidently the commander in chief of the marauders, said, with extremely strained politeness, that strangers had an undoubted right to walk along the cliff, but that he had a right to his house and his piazza and his tables and sofas and chairs, and he should be exceedingly obliged if they would retire immediately. As he spoke he confronted the intruders with threatening severity of aspect. But the general commanding turned upon him her benevolent spectacles, and said with the suavity of an honest grandmother: [illegible] would ye? Sakes alive! ye'd be welcome to eat your lunch on the piazza, or in the house, or anywhere you pleased, up our way." And she beamed upon him with such benignity that, wholly unprepared for a sunburst instead of a storm, he was speechless, and greatly amused withdrew from the field.—George William Curtis in Harper's.

Good Looking Salesmen.

It is a fact that it pays retailers in certain lines of business to employ handsome and ornamental male clerks, just as much as it is profitable for confectionery stores to present the smiles of a pretty girl with every box of bonbons. We may soar as high as we please in our philosophy, yet the vulgar truth remains that in the hundreds of thousands of women shoppers in New York there is a large class that enjoys being waited upon by a good looking man.

A merchant who deals in various charming and delicate articles intended for feminine use was discussing this point recently.

"Yes," said he, "I always employ good looking clerks. It took me a long time, however, to find out just what sort of good looks I required. When I was at first advised to get some handsome men into my store I cast about to find a fine lot of strong featured and athletic chaps—fellows that would be conspicuous anywhere for their muscular beauty and fineness of countenance; but not only did I find this a most difficult task, but the few examples I could secure seemed to have no attraction for the ladies at all.

"Finally a friend put me on to the fact that I must employ an entirely different order of fellows. I must get a lot of white faced, slim waisted, perfumed and soft voiced chaps, who could look unutterable things on the slightest provocation at a lady of any appearance of age. I found such men as these very abundant, and I now have no less than twenty who are, every one of them, more or less worshiped by the ladies that come to my shop."—Baltimore News.

When You Light a Fire.

Following is a scientific description of what happens when you light a fire: The phosphorus on a match is raised by friction to a temperature of 150 degs., Farenheit, at which it ignites. It raises the temperature of the sulphur, if it be a sulphur match, to 500 degs., when the sulphur begins to burn. The sulphur raises the heat to 800 degs., when the wood takes up the work, and produces a temperature of 1000 degs., at which the coal ignites.—Boston Transcript.

The period of "a generation" has been lengthened. It used to be thirty years and was later increased to thirty-four; now, a scientist says, the average term of human life has increased in the last fifty years from thirty-four to forty-two years.

Enormous Horse Power.

The Iron Age says: "It is a very easy matter to talk about 18,000 or 20,000 horse power, but few persons realize what it means or the enormous force that it exerts. The new White Star steamships, for instance, or the Inman line's City of New York, develop from 18,000 to 20,000 horse power. They have twelve boilers and seventy-two furnaces, worked with forced draft. Assuming that the engines will require 18 pounds of steam per horse per hour, then 160 tons of feed water must be pumped into the boilers every hour, and 160 tons of steam will pass through the engines in the same time. In twenty four hours the feed water will amount to 3,840 tons, occupying 130,240 cubic feet.

"This amount of water would fill a length of 493 feet of a canal 40 feet wide and 7 feet deep. Taking the condensing water at thirty times the feed water, it will amount to 4,800 tons per hour, or 115,200 tons in twenty-four hours, or for a six day transatlantic run not less than 691,200 tons, or 24,883,000 cubic feet. This amount of water would fill a cubical tank 295 feet on the side—a tank into which the Roman Catholic cathedral, steeples and all, or the Times building, could be put and completely covered up.

"The coal consumption is not less interesting. Four hundred tons a day are burned on the 20,000 horse power pressure. This would fill 400 wagons. It requires for its combustion 8,609 tons of air, occupying a space of 232,396,000 cubic feet. It is impossible to put these figures in such a shape as to be grasped by the average reader, but enough has been cited to show, nevertheless, that the circulating pumps and fan engines of such ships are a hard working lot."

About Dyed Hair.

In a barber shop I noticed a gentleman whose hair and whiskers were jet black, in strong contrast to a skin that was wrinkled and old. The barber who was attending me whispered that it was the result of hair dye, and went on to say: "We never put on hair dye in public. We go to men's houses or their rooms in hotels, or they come to us on Sundays when we are supposed to be closed. There is no hair dye that is safe to use long. The best of all hair dyes is nitrate of silver, which must be applied to the roots of the hair to make it black, and the long continued use of which will poison the blood and bring on softening of the brain. If it touches the flesh it will blacken that also, and can only be removed by chlorate of potash, which has a nasty odor.

"It is remarkable what vanity men possess about appearing young, and how they will risk the use of such poisonous stuff to keep their hair from becoming gray. We have one customer who has a ruddy face and who thinks that on this account no one suspects that he dyes his hair and whiskers. He will talk openly to gentlemen whom he meets of the dangers of using hair dye, give his opinion that it is a foolish habit, and even say that he cannot understand how men will dye their hair, and think no one knows it is dyed, when everybody knows it. The curious thing is that he thinks in talking this way to deceive others into the belief that his hair is not dyed, when, as he himself says, everybody does know dyed hair the moment they see it. The barber does not live who can dye hair so successfully that the great majority of persons cannot detect it on sight."—New York Press.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Fins on His Feet.

Billy Barber, sole owner of Barber's Raft, on Wolf's pond, Sullivan county, N. Y., has a peculiar habit of going barefooted the year around, and it is said that he has never had on a pair of boots, shoes or socks.

It is claimed that Barber was found on a raft up in "Old Sullivan" on a cold November day thirty-eight years ago, when he was about ten days old. Billy had not a particle of clothing on at that time, and how he came to be on the raft no one could ever find out. It has been suggested that, Jonah like, he was cast out on the raft by a big pickerel. This looks almost plausible, for exposure has caused fin-like appendages to grow out of the sides of his pedal extremities just like the fins on a pickerel, and between the toes he is webbed somewhat like a duck.

When he was found young Barber was taken in, cared for and reared to manhood by a poor but kind hearted Sullivan county fisherman. He has never been away from home in his life, and has never seen a locomotive or steamboat or heard the tinkle of a telephone bell. He cares for nothing but fishing, and summer and winter you can find him on the pond either on his raft or the ice.

During the winter this peculiar character can be seen daily standing on the ice barefooted watching his tip ups.—New York Herald.

A Cow's Milk Easily Poisoned.

Why should we protect animals? I have told you already one reason—because every cruelty the animal suffers just before death poisons the meat.

Now I am going to tell you another. If you throw stones at a cow, or frighten or injure her, it goes right to the milk and poisons the milk.

I wouldn't for $10 drink the milk of a cow that had been badly treated, if I knew it.

In Switzerland, it is said, they will pay higher wages to a milkmaid who can sing to the cows than to one who cannot.

In the hall where the Wisconsin Dairymen's association holds its meetings they have put up a great sign on the wall, "Always speak to your cow as you would to a lady."—George T. Angell's Address in Our Dumb Animals.

Mustache and Beard.

"I think I shall shave off this mustache."

"Don't do it."

"Why not?"

"It will give you a bad cold."

"Nonsense!"

"On the contrary, good sense. A mustache acts as a sieve for the air. It is something like a French respirator—warming the air before the latter is taken into the lungs. In the same fashion, relatively, the beard acts as a protection for the throat. If you cut off that mustache you will not only catch cold, but since your lungs are weak you may again be taken down by your old malady, pleurisy. Hence I say a mustache or beard keeps a man warm in winter and cool in summer.—Detroit Free Press.

A Pious Wish.

A youngster of four, rather noted for his depravity than otherwise, was taken into his mother's bedroom the other day and introduced to his baby sister, one day old. He seemed to look on the new arrival with considerable embarrassment, not unmixed with disapproval, and at the same time to appreciate the fact that it devolved upon him to say something worthy of the occasion. Finally he remarked, with a rising inflection expressive of great unctuousness, "Well, I hope she'll be a Christian."—Exchange.

Spearing Eels.

Parties travel along our shore setting traps for eels at the mouths of brooks, above salt water. These consist of a roomy box of slats with an inconspicuous entrance. The squirmers go in and stay in till they are taken out. Other parties set pots near the head of the tide. These are small editions of lobster traps in some respects. In the end is a tunnel shaped entrance very easy to get into. This entrance is rendered still more effective sometimes by a continuation in the shape of a stocking leg, and I have seen sharp brads driven in so as to impale the victim should he poke his head out the door. These traps are sunk to the bottom with a line and a buoy attached. Horseshoe crabs are considered the best bait for eels. In the fall they pass up into rivers and ponds, sometimes in great numbers, and always in the darkest nights; then the boys are on deck with gaffs.

Their winter home is in the slimiest mud. Some bed in salt mud, others in the rivers. At Goose river is a spot where eels are always found just as soon as ice forms. Strangely enough it is said to be a ledge. By quick work a bushel is sometimes speared out in a few minutes. Spearing is to me the most satisfactory method of fishing for them. An eel spear is built like Neptune's trident, with a wooden handle twelve to twenty feet long. With it the fisherman repairs to the river, if in tide water, at low water. In the fall a boat is used. In the winter the ice is cut in a semicircle, then with one clip the projecting tongue is cut off and pushed under. Now the podging begins. The spear is jabbed in the mud gently; if it meets resistance when pulled out the fisherman yanks it out like lightning and shakes the wiggler off on the ice. Sometimes three or four come out at once.

Very often in this vicinity, near the wharf and ship yard, an iron bolt, a tree nail, hoop skirt, stove funnel, bag of kittens, piece of rigging, gold watch or some other trifle is hauled out, and by Christmas time the ice is covered with trash. Eels move about some in the mud, for sometimes they are caught where none was to be found the day before.—G. W. Singer in Lewiston Journal.

HOMEWARD.

Childish feet are straying Homeward,
One has entered there today,
[illegible]
To the peace for which we pray.
Gone we know not from what suffering,
Fled we know not from what sin,
Oh, ye gates that open heavenward!
Swing together, shut her in.

So, O Father, to thy keeping,
Give me what we call our own,
Gone a little time before us
Through the portals leading home.
Safe from all the storms of sorrow
Darkening now the land of birth,
Given with tears for hope's lights faded
To the heart of mother earth.

Yet with love's divinest token,
Yielded to a tenderer care
Than our home below could give her
Or our human weakness bear.
She is safe from pain and sorrow,
We alone can bear the rod,
With this blossom safely nurtured
In the garden of our God.
—Exchange.

A Farmer Who Didn't Want Any Soap.

"You can either beat a farmer as slick as grease or you can't beat him at all," said the patent hay fork man as we were talking about his adventures in the rural regions. "That is, he is either gullible or over suspicious. Some will refuse a good thing and some will snap at a swindle. I [illegible] here, or at least one of them. The man in the seat over there is a farmer."

"I should say so."

"And he's one of the sort who suspects every stranger. Watch me try him."

He took a cake of toilet soap from his sachel, and going over to the farmer saluted him in a pleasant manner and added:

"I have a new make of soap here which I am introducing to the public. It is worth fifteen cents a cake, but I make the price only five."

"Don't want it," was the gruff reply.

"With every cake goes a $5 greenback, a gold bracelet, the deed of a town lot in Kansas, a pocket knife, a pair of eyeglasses and a solid gold ring."

"Don't want 'em, sir!"

"As I want your opinion of the soap I will give it to you."

"I won't take it!"

"But, sir, in order to introduce it into your neighborhood I will give you 100 cakes free, and at the same time leave five watches and five deeds to town lots."

"Look-a-here!" shouted the farmer as he jumped up and spat on his hands. "You go away from me or I'll mash you! I'm on to your tricks, old man, and if you think you have picked up a hayseed you are barking up the wrong tree."

And the hayfork man had to move lively to escape the blow levelled at his nose.—New York Sun.

A Glorious River.

The St. Lawrence is a phenomenon among rivers. No other river is fed by such gigantic lakes. No other river is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow and sunshine. Ice and wind may be said to be the only things that affect its mighty flow. Something almost as phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that there is so little generally known about it. It might be safely affirmed that not 1 per cent. of the American public are aware of the fact that among all the great rivers of the world the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one. Such, however, is the case.

The St. Lawrence despises rain and sunshine. Its greatest variation caused by drought or rain hardly ever exceeds a foot or fourteen inches. The cause of this almost everlasting sameness of volume is easily understood. The St. Lawrence is fed by the mightiest bodies of fresh water on earth. Immense as is the volume of water it pours into the ocean, any one who has traversed all the immense lakes that feed it, and for the surplus waters of which it is the only channel to the sea, wonders that it is not even more gigantic than it is. Not one drop of the waters of the five great lakes finds its way to the ocean save through this gigantic, extraordinary and wondrously beautiful river. No wonder, then, that it should despise the rain and defy the sunshine.—Nature's Realm.

Russia Is Producing Oil.

A perusal of the sources from which our supplies are obtained shows that the increase obtained from the Russian oil wells in the neighborhood of the Caspian is enormous. In 1883 the Muscovites supplied us with 500 barrels. In 1889 the imports from the same quarter amounted to 771,000 barrels. During the same six years the supply from the United States had but increased from 1,329,000 to 1,355,000 barrels. That in the short space of six years Russian shipments should increase from practically nothing to more than half of those from America is most remarkable. Such phenomenal developments as these naturally call into existence the provision of means for adequate transit and storing of such enormous quantities.—Chambers' Journal.

English Plum Puddings.

I've made so called English plum puddings all my life, but until I ate of them on their native heath I didn't know the delicacy. These are made and parboiled fully three months before, and are hung up in bags till needed. By this method the rich ingredients become thoroughly amalgamated and the flavor is vastly improved. The final cooking occurs the day of use, and the pudding comes to the table piping hot, studded with blanched almonds, and blazing with burning cognac. A dozen to fifteen puddings comfortably carries a family through till Twelfth Night.—Interview in New York Times.

Insects in the Far North.

Sir George Nares brought home to Brittain not less than forty-five specimens of true insects which had been collected north of the seventy-eighth parallel of latitude in Grinnell Land, and more than 300 from Iceland. S. H. Scudder says that not less than 2,600 species of insects have been found fossiled in the various rocks of the world, proving that the geological ages teemed with insect life.—St. Louis Republic.

Preference is given by most people to huckaback towels. The material comes by the yard in excellent quality and in widths exceeding that of the ready made fringed towels. The ends are hemmed below an inch wide line of drawn work, or they may be simply hemstitched and a needle decoration added with white or colored linen.

The Sultan of Turkey, it seems, has in his service a marshal who is 112 years old, having been born in 1778. He is the oldest soldier living, as one can well believe. Moreover, he has two comrades whose united ages amount to two hundred and twenty-one years.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

☞No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1891.

A MOVEMENT has been started in Boston by men of high standing for the investigation and study of psychic phenomena. A prospectus has been issued signed among others by the Rev. M. J. Savage, of the Church of the Unity; the Rev. E. A. Horton, of the Second Congregational Church; the Rev. Heber Newton, of All Souls' Episcopal Church, New York, the Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston; Mary A. Livermore, of Melrose; B. O. Flower, editor of the Arena, and the Rev. T. E. Allen, of the Fourth Unitarian Society, Providence. The prospectus states: "We only propose to concentrate our efforts on the narrower field of Spiritualism, pure and simple. That modern Spiritualism has votaries in all parts of our country, and that it has the power to influence the thought and action of those who believe its teachings, are indisputable facts. Is the movement founded on fact or delusion? Does the world know? And if it does not know, is it not time for a few truth-loving persons approaching the subject in a serious frame of mind to investigate it, guided by purely scientific methods?"

"Is it not in the best interest of humanity that this matter should be settled if possible, once for all! If it be delusion, the contagion has spread quite far enough and done damage enough already. If there be truth, the world would be benefited by the knowledge. With this feeling, the signers have decided to issue this appeal, asking you to join with them in carrying on the work of the Psychic Investigation Association."

STUDENTS of history, and especially of European history in the nineteenth century, are to be congratulated upon the recent appearance of so many important works relating to the men and events of our own times. As a critical and impartial review of English politics, society, and literature during the past quarter of a century, Smalley's Letters from London and Some Others, published by Harper & Brothers, may well be regarded as unsurpassed. They are, indeed, as the London Spectator declares, "history in the true sense." Harper & Brothers have also in course of publication an important series of works—biographical and historical—on Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers. Two volumes of this series—Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Melbourne—have already appeared. That on Sir Robert Peel is nearly ready for publication.

THE late J. N. McCullough, First Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was very old-fashioned in his views of railway management. He believed that a road should be run for the benefit of the stockholders. When he took charge of the Cleveland and Pittsburg line its stock went begging at 2½ cents on the dollar, but he lived to see it worth $3 for $1, and its great appreciation in value was directly traceable to his management. McCullough began railroad life as a rodman, at the age of seventeen years.

WITH the Brazilian reciprocity treaty completed and all Canada engaged in debating reciprocity with this country, although it has not been proposed to their government, there are reports that Secretary Blaine has about concluded treaties in the same line with Venezuela and with Spain in reference to Cuban products. Reciprocity is coming on fast.

MRS. WALTER BAKER, of Boston, who left about $1,000,000 to educational and charitable institutions, gave years of study and thought to the nature and needs of these organizations before making her will. This is better than waiting until old age or sudden illness may have brought confusion to the judgment.

THE new reading clerk of the Colorado State Senate is Miss Anna W. Kelly, a young and very pretty woman. She reads rapidly, clearly and with correctness of accent and pronunciation. She is the first woman to hold such a position.

MISS NELLIE GOULD is said to have made up her mind never to marry. This will be unpleasant news to the many young men who burden Mr. Gould's mail daily with proposals to become his son-in-law.

ABRAM WRIGHT is dead at Stockbridge, Mass., aged 109. He was born in the East Indies, came to this country in early life, resided at Hudson, N. Y., for a time and then located at Stockbridge.

GEORGE BANCROFT published a book of poems in his youth and later in life bought up every copy of the work he could lay his hands on.

THE Democrats do not reciprocate on reciprocity, but stand aghast at its popularity, not knowing what to do.

—The Milford Dispatch announces that there are no prisoners in the Pike County Jail, there will be no jurors at the March term of court and there were none drawn for the previous term.

—At a church service in the rink at Reading last Sunday the minister said, when the collection was being taken up, that all who had beer checks or poker chips in their pockets should throw them into the collection box and he would see that they were destroyed. To his surprise quite a number of checks and chips fell.

—A very successful tableau-entertainment was recently given in New York, the subjects being taken from illustrations in the current magazines. The idea is a simple one, and if the subjects are well chosen it can be made very interesting. The Century Company has prepared a list of suitable pictures with suggestions for any one who wishes to get up the entertainment. They will send it free on request.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Senator Aldrich is a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, who likes a bit of good fun.

Rudyard Kipling's father is a professor in an India art school. He is a fine looking old man, with snow white beard and hair.

John McMahon, once a partner of Flood, Fair and Mackay in San Francisco, after losing several fortunes, is now attempting to make another in the coal fields of Idaho.

Joe Burks, of Panther Creek, N. C., is an enthusiast upon the subject of egg eating. He looks upon food of better seven feet high, and claims a record of having eaten 130 eggs at one meal.

Lord Rosse, the English astronomer and owner of the famous Rosse refracting telescope, is coming to this country to see the Lick instrument and compare its value with that of his own.

Dr George J. Fisher, of Sing Sing, N. Y., has one of the largest collections of horns in existence, including specimens of the deer, roebuck, elk, caribou, moose, gemsbok, common ram and Tartaran ram.

William R. Morrison has never been able to overcome his diffidence to the extent of becoming a fluent orator. He dresses rather carelessly in loose fitting clothes and wears a soft black sombrero.

Senator Edmunds preserves the simple style and tastes of his country home, dresses in plain go-to-meeting clothes and resembles a deacon bothered about the ways and means of raising money for the parson's salary.

Judge Peffer, who succeeds Ingalls in the senate from Kansas, is a Mason, a Knight of Labor and a member of the Episcopal church. He wears a long, full beard that gives him the venerable appearance of a patriarch.

Thomas W. Phillips, of New Castle, Pa., once lost a fortune of nearly $1,000,000 that he had made in the oil fields of the Keystone state. He has since retrieved this lost fortune and is again one of the richest of oil producers.

Gen. N. P. Banks has passed forty of his seventy-five years in public life. He is now near his dotage, and the pension of $100 a month that he is to receive when his salary as congressman stops will be all that he will have to live on.

Rev. John Jasper, who gained celebrity by his "sun do move" lecture, doesn't let his salary move. His congregation has several times tendered him an increase, but he declares that $50 a month is ample for his needs, and declines to accept more.

Senator Plumb is a very hard man to report. He has a habit of starting his sentences with great deliberation and then hurrying them to the end with the speed of a race horse. This varying lingual gait natural disconcerts the stenographers.

Mr. Gladstone has three hats, and three only. One is black and very old. The second is white, and is used only in summer. The third is a soft felt, and his constant traveling companion. Its age is unknown, but certainly it was not new in 1860.

David Jacks, the Monterey county, Cal., millionaire, can ride twenty miles in a straight line on his own land. He is a Scotchman, and in 1849 stowed himself away in a barrel on a vessel bound for California. He now has a fortune of $7,000,000.

CRISP CONDENSATIONS.

England eats Australian eggs.

Philadelphia has a female auctioneer.

A meerschaum mine has been discovered in Florida.

A writer in Longman's Magazine predicts that the world will eventually dry up.

The largest peach orchard in the world is at Blownwood, Tex., which contains 11,000 trees.

The sun did not shine on London in 1891 until fourteen days of the new year had passed.

Cigarette smoking has become alarmingly prevalent among Boston's fashionable women.

An octogenarian who lives six miles west of Moberly, Mo., was baptized recently by his grandson.

St. Louis is the largest fur market in the United States, and on coon skins it is far ahead of any other city.

Most of the buttons used on cloaks and coats are made from potatoes which have been treated to a bath of sulphuric acid.

The policemen of Savannah carry revolvers strapped to their belts in plain sight. They are armed with short clubs as well.

The great show piece of the recent fruit fair held at Marysville, Cal., was an exact copy of Sutter's famous fort, built entirely of oranges.

A farmer in Holt county, Mo., has twenty-six living children, none of whom are married and all of whom are at home. There are eleven pairs of twins in the family.

At Girard college, in Philadelphia, there are now 1,580 pupils who are clothed, fed and educated from the income of the Girard estate, $500,000 being expended annually for this purpose.

A resident of Antelope valley, Nev., reports thousands of wild horses ranging on the mountain plateau near his home. It is almost impossible to raise a band of tame horses in that section, because they join the wild herd.

Every Italian in the service of the pope has been dismissed, and the duties of the domestics in the papal apartments, both in the antechamber and the interior, are transferred to foreigners. An inquiry has shown that Crispi had several secret agents in the vatican.

BITS OF SCIENCE.

The largest barometer yet made has been put in working order in the St. Jacques tower in Paris. It is 41 feet 5 inches high.

Seaweed is now made into a tough paper, which takes the place of window glass. When colored the effect is similar to stained or painted glass.

One of the interesting facts of physiology is that the human body generates enough heat during the day to melt forty-four pounds of ice and raise it to the boiling point.

It is proposed using the Eiffel tower to exhibit the rotation of the earth by the Foucault method. The pendulum is a bronze wire 380 feet long, with a steel globe at the end weighing 198 pounds.

A special kind of paper has been invented, which, it is alleged, is absolutely impervious to water, and will even stand boiling. The waterproofing can be carried out either after the paper is made or during the operation of making it.

German engineers are adopting a new lining for machinery bearings, made of compressed vegetable parchment. When lubricated with an emulsion of mineral oil and water the parchment becomes impregnated with the oil, and will last for a considerable time.

LITERARY WOMEN'S ATTIRE.

Ouida dresses absurdly. She strives after juvenility always. Her hair she wears in a curly crop bound by a band of blue ribbon.

Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett wears dresses that look too youthful for her. Salmon, pink, white, pale blue and soft yellow are the shades which Mrs. Burnett favors most.

Mrs. Lynn-Linton always has on a black gown and a white cap when she is at home. She wears rich stuffs—silk, velvet, brocade and the like. In cold weather her outdoor garment is of sealskin.

Lady Hardy dresses elegantly and picturesquely. She does her hair in the marquise style. Her favorite materials are brocaded velvet and brocaded silk. She has a superb necklace of intaglios that she wears on swagger occasions.

The most charitably disposed person could not say that Miss Braddon ever wears nice clothes. She likes solid colors and affects velvet. Her gowns have many furbelows about them. She wears large diamond eardrops of an evening.

Mrs. Cashel-Hoey's style is queer, but you get used to it. She generally has on some priceless old point lace. A lace shawl that she wears occasionally must be worth a couple of hundred pounds if it is worth a penny. Mrs. Hoey always wears mourning.

Mrs. Campbell-Praed wears gowns of the most recherche description. In the evening she affects rich, delicate brocades. Her gowns are cut in a simple fashion, but they are always rather decollete. Mrs. Praed's day dresses are modest and ladylike in tone.

Lady Wilde is quite the grande dame. She dresses in handsome silks, more or less sad in color, and wears long trains. Her hair is dark and luxurious and she arranges it in a peculiar fashion under a high head dress. Lady Wilde has an immense partiality for jewelry.

Mrs. Walford is every inch a dowager in her attire. She likes heliotrope, and the rich, heavy materials she goes in for would look better in curtains than in dresses. Mrs. Walford is an accomplished woman. She spins, embroiders and paints beautifully.

Mrs. Stannard dresses smartly. Her style is a trifle severe. In the evening she generally gives black the preference. Anything in the way of flummery she detests. Her day dresses are always tailor made—well built, without a crease or a wave anywhere.

Marie Corelli, being very petite, goes in for simple dresses. Light blue and pale pink are colors that become her well. She wears both, and sometimes comes out in all white. She believes thoroughly in the "beauty sleep," and nothing on earth would keep her out of bed after 12 o'clock.—London Star.

TURF NOTES.

A. J. Haws, Johnstown, Pa., is driving the black pacing gelding Jewett, 2:14, on the road. He is getting along in years but is a great horse.

The new half mile track built by the Washington County Fair association at Springfield, Ky., is about completed, and will be one of the most attractive in that state.

Jockey Tony Hamilton was married to Miss Annie L. Messley, of St. Louis, recently. Isaac Murphy was "best man." The bride was given $2,000 in presents by Hamilton.

C. W. Williams, of Indianapolis, who developed Axtell, has a full sister to that great trotter which he has named Can't Tell. She is being driven on the road every favorable day.

Anteeo, 2:16¼, the famous stallion by Electioneer—Columbine, is expected to realize when put up for sale in Kentucky the highest price ever paid for one of his distinguished family.

A trotting moose at Sioux Falls, N. D., is the latest phenomenon. It belongs to Senator Pettigrew, and has been matched to trot at the state fair against Fanchon, who has a record of 2:21.

Theodore Winters, the California turfman, who bred and raced El Rio Rey and Rey del Reyes, will go east again this season with a string of thirteen, among which is a half sister to El Rio Rey.

"As there have been many erroneous statements published regarding the price that I paid Governor Stanford for Sunol," Robert Bonner said recently, "it may be as well to state that I gave $41,000 for her—just $1,000 more than I paid Mr. Vanderbilt for Maud S."

M. E. McHenry, Geneseo, Ills., has purchased from Leo Moser, of St. Louis, for $10,000, the 6-year-old chestnut trotting stallion Reserve Fund 5,302, by Nutwood, 2:18¾, dam Lizzie Wilkes, by George Wilkes; second dam Ladoga, by Mambrino Patchen; third dam by Edwin Forrest. He also purchased from the same party four 2-year-olds by Reserve Fund for $5,400.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Rise in the morning soon after you are awake.

To stop hiccough take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

Rub your lamp chimneys after washing with dry salt and you will be surprised at the new brilliancy of your lights.

Soak clothes that fade overnight in water, in which has been dissolved one ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of rain water.

When any one runs a nail or a wire in the flesh hold the wound over burning sugar as soon as possible and it will prevent soreness.

Soak the feet and bind on baking soda dampened, and in the morning you will be surprised to find the soreness all out of corns.

Procure from your druggist a small bottle of tincture of benzoin, and apply to any flesh wound. It will heal immediately and not get sore.

Two apples kept in the cake box will cause moderately rich cake to remain moist for a great length of time if the apples are renewed when withered.

A dress will look entirely ruined by berry stains on it, but if whisky is poured on the discolored places before sending it to the wash it will come out as good as ever.

Always dissolve gelatine in an equal bulk of cold water; if put into hot water at first a strong taste will be developed. It will take about fifteen minutes to dissolve, but may stand two or more hours without harm.

A teaspoonful of camphor in a wide mouthed bottle, well covered with boiling water, produces a warm vapor which can be inhaled for the relief of acute head colds. Ten minutes' use, three times a day, will suffice.

Five hundred veterinary surgeons in Great Britain have signed a paper condemning overhead check reins as painful to horses and inducive to disease.

THEY KNEW IT ALL.

The ancient Gauls used a reaping machine. Hobbs gave his name to a lock found in the tomb of Egypt.

Coins were stamped with engraved dies so far back that we have lost the record, and movable types are said to have been known to the Romans.

In all that pertains to sculpture and painting the ancients knew so much that their superiority has never been questioned, and their work remains as unsurpassed models.—Chicago Times.

We make some very fine razors at the present day, but we cannot make any finer steel than that contained in the Damascus swords and knives which the ancients used several thousand years ago.

All the mechanical powers, the screw, lever, pulley, incline plane, wedge, wheel and axle, were known to the ancients and used in every day life. They were expert builders, as existing relics testify.

In our schools at the present day we use "Euclid's Elements of Geometry," written by Euclid 2,200 years ago. Euclid also wrote on music and optics, antedating much which we think we discovered.

Natural gas conveyed in bamboo tubes was utilized in China centuries ago, and one of the Mongolian authors writes of boxes which repeated the sound of voices of men long since dead—an approximation to the phonograph of Edison.

The people of Tyre were such experts in dyeing that the Tyrian purple remains unexcelled to this day. The Egyptians were also wonderful dyers, and could produce colors so durable that they may be called imperishable.

The ancients were wonderful glass workers and discovered a method of making it malleable, which we have not been able to do. They could spin glass into garments, dye it in every shade of the rainbow and etch it with marvelous skill.

Layard found in the ruins of Nineveh what Sir David Brewster pronounced to be a "magnifying glass," and nearly 4,000 years ago the Egyptians and Assyrians observed the stars through a "sliding tube," which we have reason to believe was a telescope.

Twenty centuries before the birth of Watt Hero of Alexandria described machines whose motive power was steam. He also invented a double force pump, used as a fire engine, and anticipated the molern turbane wheel by a machine he named "Neolpile."

The science of optics must have been pretty far advanced in the days of Alexander the Great, because we know that he had a copy of the "Iliad" inclosed in a nutshell, and it is quite certain that it could not have been written without the aid of a microscope.

In medical skill the oriental physicians of India practiced vaccination 1,000 years ago. Anaesthetics were known in the days of Homer, and the Chinese 2,000 years ago had a preparation of hemp, known as "una yo," to deaden pain—something similar to the modern cocaine.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

Telephones are now being introduced on men-of-war.

Siam is to have a $400,000 electric railway thirty miles long.

The boom of electricity from the commercial manufacture of aluminum cannot be overestimated.

There are no less than 120,070 nautical miles of cable soaking today in salt water and transmitting intelligence under the ocean fishes.

No less than forty-nine miles of electric street railway lines, owned by five distinct companies, were completed and put in operation in Denver, Colo., last year.

That the storage battery has come to stay is the conviction of some of the soundest electricians in England and America, the opinions of distinguished inventors to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Electrical Age (New York) prints a two column editorial tending to show that the Bell telephone patents have expired, so far as their use in this country is concerned.

A new idea in arc lamps is the substitution of a hollow carbon cylinder for the usual upper carbon point and a disc for the lower rod. The edges of the cylinder and disc are in contact and the light is formed at that point.

A German scientist applied a mild current of electricity to a swarm of bees, quickly causing them to fall to the ground in a stupefied condition. The bees could be safely handled while in this condition. No injury was done to them.

A belt now being made for a Louisiana electric light company will be the largest in the world. It is to be six feet wide, 109 feet long, and will take the skins of 175 animals to complete it. When finished it will weigh 40,000 pounds and cost $10,000, or about $10 a square foot.

THE GENTLER SEX.

Miss Agnes K. Murphy is the only woman member of the New York real estate exchange.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis is said to be a sufferer from heart disease, which has reached a critical stage.

Mrs. Hetty Green, who had $18,000,000 left her some time ago, has increased her inheritance to $30,000,000.

The Countess Wanda Henkel von Donnersmark is said in Germany to own the finest hunting grounds in the empire.

Miss Lucy Polk Snell, a young artist of some talent, is one of the few surviving relatives of President Polk, being his grandniece.

Miss Anna Lee Ames, second daughter of ex-Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, has married George Nowell, her former music teacher.

Mrs. Mary Darden, of Hampton, Va., claims to be 105 years old, and her word is believed. Her mother died in 1861 at the reputed age of 106 years.

Julia Ward Howe's two daughters—Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott and Florence Howe Hall—are reported to be meeting with the most flattering success as readers and lecturers.

Emma Abbott's mother, a venerable lady of 76 years, was completely prostrated by the news of her daughter's death. She has been confined to her bed ever since her daughter's funeral.

The late Charlotte C. Benton, of Richfield Springs, was the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, and niece of the great Napoleon. In her youth she was an unusually handsome girl. Throughout her life she had an abiding faith in fortune tellers.

Marjorie Gordon, the 10-year-old daughter of the Countess of Aberdeen, edits the children's page of a London paper called Onward and Upward. Little Lady Marjorie is probably the youngest editor in the world.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

Crushed morocco is the very newest material for covering bags and all fancy leather goods.

The very latest in photograph frames are those that show a combination of tortoise shell and silver.

Decidedly unique are the new spoons, the chased hands of which are pierced until they produce quite a lacelike effect.

The long chains of twenty odd years ago have returned to us, and with them comes the old slide chain with jeweled slide.

A novelty in cigarette cases is shaped like a portmanteau, opening in the center and disclosing its contents neatly packed on either side.

Costly trifles are bonbon dishes in silver. Modern patterns are heart shaped with pierced borders. Silver shells are also used as bonbon trays.

The very latest in cut glass scent bottles has a silver bird perched on the stopper. On pressing the latter the bird emits a spray of perfume from its beak.

The watch is making itself quite at home in all sorts of odd places. We find it in umbrella handles, the tops of inkstands, in calendars, and hidden away in the heart of rose pendants.

In much of the new jewelry, diamonds and pearls have changed places, pearls forming the piece de resistance of the ornament and the diamonds serving as an enhancement of their beauty.

A convenience for the smoking room is the self adjusting lamp in silver. It comes in various forms, in all of which the arrangement is such that the light remains always at the top, in whatever position the lamp may be held.—Jeweler's Circular.

RULES FOR GOOD HEALTH.

Eat plain food.

Be regular with your habits.

Begin your morning meal with fruit.

Wear woolen clothing the year round.

Don't go to work immediately after eating.

It is safer to filter and boil drinking water.

Keep the feet comfortable and well protected.

Be moderate in the use of liquids at all seasons.

Exercise in open air whenever the weather permits.

With the 19th century dawned the era of wonders. It has also proven an era of surprises—for notwithstanding its giant strides toward knowledge, we are told that there are still in some places a few citizens who have not heard of Salvation Oil.

Be on time, for prevention is better than cure. All coughs and colds, throat and lung affections, are cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Only 25 cts.

What was it, John,

That made your face so free and clear from pimples, said his sweetheart. Why, don't you know, Eva? For over a year I took everything I could think of without helping me, then I bought two bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and now I haven't one pimple on my face. It is the best blood cleanser I ever saw.

How Often

We see some young man who has squandered his money and ruined his health by excesses, and before 30 years of age is an all broken down and played out man! In all such cases I prescribe nature's tonic and nervine, Sulphur Bitters. They supply food for the brain, strengthen the nerves, and are successful in nine cases out of ten.—Old Physician.

He Yelled Kemp's Balsam.

I yell "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure." I always do when I hear a man cough, and I can't help it. It saved me and it will cure you. I was threatened with pneumonia last winter and it broke it up. It helps the children out when their throats are sore, cures their coughs, and tastes so good. The first dose helps you. So writes A. R. Arnold, engineer on the West Shore Ry., at Can Joharie, N. Y.
25 Bond Street, New York.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

To Nervous Debilitated Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they restore you to vigor and manhood. Pamphlet free. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on a trial.
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall Mich.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Feb. 9, 1891.

Perhaps there is more asking just now for the Ladies' Cloths, and Camel Hairs, and Diagonal Cheviot than for any other class of Dress Goods. Stuffs that let you laugh at the changeable weather. Not too heavy for the warmish days, not too light for the raw, chilly times. Dressy always, and economical!

Look at these Ladies' Cloths. This one is $1.25 a yard. You'd pay $1.50 for it without a wink of hesitancy. You would pay it if you knew all about Ladies' Cloths. It's worth every cent of it, as the market stands. Notice the finish—soft as a baby's cheek. Not a lump, or knot, or roughness in it. Heavy enough to shut out the nippy air, light enough not to be burdensome. And the colors!

delicate grays
exquisite pearls
dainty fawns
delightful tans
rich golden brown

The dark shades, too—green, blue, navy, and so on. Width 50 inches.

Other grades at 75c and $1. Every number is at least 25c a yard under ruling value.

Light shades in Camel Hairs are plenty, so are the dark, 54 inches wide, $1.50; 50 inches wide, $1.25. Qualities precisely such as you'd choose.

54-inch Diagonal Cheviots are in the ambers, tans, modes and grays that so many are wanting.

We don't say the special $1.75 Black Derby is a regular $3.50 kind. We make no comparisons. See one of these Hats. If you know the good points of a Derby you'll say it's match can't be had at anything like the price. We warrant it right in quality, style, wear, and all that goes to make a choice Hat. Four heights of crown and bredths of brim.

Winter Caps, Carriage Robes and the like goods that we don't want to carry over, have been marked to tempt you.

February BOOK NEWS has a plate paper portrait of George Bancroft, made from one of the latest photographs of that world-famous historian. There are pictures, too, of Charles Carleton Coffin, writer, lecturer, traveler; of Ellen Olney Kirk, whose story telling has charmed thousands, and of Prof. Henry Drummond, author of "The Greatest Thing in the World," that almost everyone has read. There are other illustrations, and, beside, just the bits and pieces, the criticism, and gossip that without taxing your time serve to keep you "up" in what the book world is doing. Think of such a friend as BOOK NEWS at 5c a number, 50c a year!

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

ESTABLISHED 1862.

A

BOOM FOR 1891

not inflated but based on facts. I build and sell more Carriages, Harness, Sleighs, Blankets and Robes than all the rest of the Carriage Manufacturers in New Jersey added together. I have over one hundred styles each of Carriages and Harness and the largest stock of Sleighs in America to select from. I have been located 28 years on the same spot, no change of firm, no fires, no failures but continual and steady progress. The above facts are certainly evidence of merit and fair dealing. Call and Examine or send for Catalogue and Price-list.

JAMES H. BIRCH,

MANUFACTURER OF

——LIGHT——

Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,

Horse Clothing, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Saddles, Bridles, Halters, Boots

AND EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO THE ROAD, TRACK AND STABLE.

BURLINGTON, - NEW JERSEY.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

IN CLOTHING.

We have secured property adjoining our New Store at Thirteenth and Chestnut streets, and will begin the erection of a large building. In the Spring we shall remove our business in the Ledger Building to the New Store, which is the most centrally located in Philadelphia. Great Bargains for Men and Boys before removal. This large stock of Suits and Overcoats will be sold at a Great Reduction in Prices.

A. C. Yates & Co.,

6th and Chestnut. Ledger Building.

13th and Chestnut. New Store.

PHILADELPHIA.

ABOUT PRINTING.

WE desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Job Department of the "Bucks County Gazette" is better equipped than any printing office in Bristol, or in the lower end of the county, in all material that is needed to produce excellent printing.

It contains the largest assortment of type, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four different sizes of presses, of the best makes, which perform the work in the best manner, and print with rapidity.

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cardboard and cut cards is large and varied, and the whole is under the personal and direct supervision of Geo. R. Sherman, an experienced and practical workman.

Special attention is given to printing of sale bills. Work of this character we make a point of getting done on the same day that it is ordered. Visiting and business cards, envelopes, circulars, dodgers, hand bills, posters, letter and bill-heads, books, pamphlets and all other printing done promptly and correctly. Mourning stationery kept constantly on hand.

Printing in Colors a Specialty.

Presses Run by Steam Power.

Full Count on all Jobs Guaranteed.

*Prices the Lowest. Liberal discounts given on large orders. We do more Printing and have better facilities than the other offices in Bristol combined, and consequently we have the trade, and are determined to keep it. Give the office a call and be convinced.

GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE,

Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. of Radcliffe and Walnut Sts.

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH

THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

FERGUSON & WESTON,

—OPTICIANS,—

39 S. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.

*Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Barometers, Thermometers, Spectacles, Eye Glasses. EYES EXAMINED FREE.

Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ELIZA BOOZ, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

W. B. BAKER, Executor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of LUCY A. KEEN, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate, will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement without delay, to WILSON RANDALL, Executor.

Or His Attorney, JOHN C. STUCKERT.

Public Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of BUCKS County, the house and lot of the estate of Charles G. Stout, deceased, situate on Walnut street, Bristol, Pa., adjoining lands of Ann Stocks and Andrew J. Hibbs, will be sold at public sale upon the premises, on Saturday, February 21, 1891, at two o'clock, P. M.

The lot has a front upon Walnut street of 18 feet with a depth of 123 feet, extending back to a public alley.

The house is frame, 2½ stories, shingle roof, 18x28 feet, containing six rooms and an out shed, cellar under house and well of good water in shed.

Conditions of sale.—$100 in cash at close of sale, balance of purchase money April 1, 1891. Deed at expense of purchaser.

CHARLES W. STOUT, Executor.
EDW. N. BOOZ, Auct. J. C. STUCKERT, Att'y.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,

55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,

Perfumery & Toilet Articles,

White Lead, Oils & Varnishes,

Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's

Ready Mixed Paints,

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

CHOICE

Cigars & Tobacco,

Cigarettes, Snuff, Pipes,

ETC., ETC.

A Full Line. "Hit the Highland Pipe," at

57 MILL STREET.

Come and see me. EUGENE HIGHLAND.

Miscellaneous

NEVER A FAILURE.

The Red River Valley of Minnesota and North Dakota has never had a failure of crops.

It produced 30,000,000 bushels of wheat besides other cereals in 1890.

Farms can be had on the crop plan, or long time cash payments.

It is not an uncommon thing to pay for a farm from the proceeds of one crop.

It has all of the advantages of an old country in the shape of school, church, market, postal and railway facilities, and all the chances of a new country in the way of cheap lands, rich soil, and increase in values.

It is one of the most fertile and promising regions in America not yet fully occupied.

In the rush to the far west, however, this rich valley has been over-looked.

It has room for a million more people.

Write to F. I. WHITNEY, St. Paul, Minn., for particulars.

Publications sent free.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery

AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,

Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.

FOUR STORES!

Immense quantities of goods bought for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.

Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up. Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

BOOZ & BLACK,

DEALERS IN

FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS

A specialty in

TEAS AND COFFEES.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

COR. RADCLIFFE AND MILL STS.

Your trade is solicited.

J. D. LOWDEN,

No. 50 Mill Street, Bristol,

HAS THE FINEST STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

Charles Guyon,

GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!

—AND—

Hard Wood Finisher,

Washington St., next to School House,

BRISTOL, PA.

FOR RENT.

Four brick houses on Jefferson avenue; corner of Wood street, all modern conveniences.

A. WEIR GILKESON.

STEAMBOAT COLUMBIA,

The Steamer Columbia leaves Bristol for Philadelphia daily, (Sunday excepted) at 7.15 A. M. Returning leaves Philadelphia at 2.00 P. M.

Fare 25c. Excursion 40c.
Freight carried at low rates.

JOHN NIMON,

DEALER IN FINE

Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,

FRESH DAILY.

My Teas and Coffees are the Best.

COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

AN OFFICE WHERE

Everything in connection with

REAL ESTATE

IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO

You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn, procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed; the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.

A. Weir Gilkeson,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BRISTOL, PA.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nicke, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line

Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1891.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK.—Arrives at 7.00, 10.15 A. M., 7.15 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.45, 11.30 A. M., 4.00, 6.15 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives at 7.00, 7.15 A. M., 4.00, 5.00, 7.45 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 3.15, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION — Arrives at 10.45, A. M., 3.12, 7.00 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 5.15 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.45 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN.—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 21, 1890.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.43, 8.12, 8.23, 9.14, 9.42, 9.52, 10.26, A. M. 12.07, 1.01, 1.31, 2.41, 3.03, 3.12, 4.05, 5.37, 5.46, 6.25, 7.00, 7.32, 8.51, 9.27, 11.03, P. M.

Sundays at 2.46, 8.11, 9.00, 9.42, 10.26, A. M. 12.04, 12.25, 5.33, 5.38, 7.21, 7.30, 8.03, 8.51, 9.28, 11.03, P. M.

Leave Broad St. Station for Bristol at 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, 6.50, 7.32, 8.25, 8.30, 10.01, 11.15 A. M. 12.01, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, 4.00, 4.20, 5.00, 5.02, 5.25, 6.00, 6.02, 6.31, 7.03, 7.27, 9.17, 11.17, P. M.

Sundays at 12.01, 7.40, 8.25, 8.30, 9.12, A. M. 2.06, 5.28, 5.55, 7.03, 8.12, 10.25, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

-Next Tuesday is Election Day.

-Next Saturday is St. Valentine's Day.

- Some of the machinery for refitting the Livingston Mill has arrived.

—The Star Social Club gave a dance at Riverview Hall, last Monday evening.

-Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Thomas remove this week from Bristol to Anniston, Alabama.

- Messrs. DeGroot and Wright propose to erect ten more new houses in the Second ward, this season.

- The annual meeting of the Board of Trade, of Bristol, will be held this evening, at 8 o'clock, at Riverview Hall.

—The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A Weir Gilkeson has been lying at death's door for several days, and there is no hope for her recovery.

—Mrs. Smirl, an old resident of Bristol, died at the residence of her daughter-in-law, on Buckley street, last Saturday. She was 72 years of age.

- The Ladies Social of the First Baptist Church give a supper this evening at the church parlors. The proceeds will be placed to the credit of the church repair fund.

—Charles E Scheide received a number of his friends at his home on Tuesday. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was well rendered by some of Bristol's good readers.

- The members of Ladies Circle, No. 2, G. A. R., are arranging for an orange supper, to be given at Washington Hall. The [illegible] will be devoted to Memorial purposes.

- List of letters remaining in Bristol Post-office, February 12th, '91: Miss Bell Holmes, Henry J. Kelly, Mrs. Mary Ott-2, P. J. O'Brien, Miss M Sweeney, Chas A Vandegrift, Miss Emma Wright.

—The members of Hermione Lodge, Knights of Pythias, attended the Baptist church last Sunday morning, in a body, and listened to an excellent sermon by the Pastor, Rev. I. W. Goodhue.

- Hon. William Godshalk, one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of Bucks county, died at his residence in Doylestown township early Friday morning, after a lingering illness. He had suffered for several years from bronchial troubles.

— The bell that will sound the hours in the tower of the new convent which Sister Katherine Drexel will have the direction of at Andalusia, Pa., is an old relic of Spanish dominion in America, having for years been in use in one of the old missions of the Southwest.

—That Inter-State conveyance, the safe and reliable ferryboat the Ellwood Doron, has returned from Philadelphia, where she was undergoing repairs, and now plys the placid waters of the Delaware between Bristol and Burlington with her accustomed speed and regularity.

— Doctors Mordecai and Joseph Price, assisted by Drs. Burns, of Philadelphia, Huntsman, of Hulmeville, and Pursell, of Bristol, operated on Mrs. Strausser, of Dorrance street, last Saturday and removed a tumor weighing nearly 70 pounds, from which she has suffered for several years. The patient is in a fair way of recovery.

—William Louderbough, one of the Republican candidates for Justice of the Peace, is worthy of a general support of the voters of the borough. He is physically incapable of manual labor, and has filled the office of 'Squire to the satisfaction of the people, and there is no good reason why he should not be re-elected by a handsome majority.

— Yesterday, February 11th, was Ash Wednesday, the opening of the Lenten season. The day is also commemorative of the beginning of the fasting of our Saviour for forty days in the wilderness. In like manner those who observe the season are expected to refrain from all social events during the next forty days, or until Easter Sunday, which occurs Sunday, March 29th.

—At a special meeting of the Directors of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia and Bucks Counties," held in Hulmeville, February 6, the treasurer of the Company was authorized and instructed to pay over to the fire companies of Langhorne and Bristol the sum of twenty-five dollars each, with the thanks of the insurance company, for the efficient aid rendered by the fire companies at the recent fire in the Borough of Hulmeville by which the Post-office and other buildings were consumed.

—At the annual meeting of the Bristol Cemetery Company held last Saturday afternoon in Dr. H. Pursell's office, the following Board of Directors were chosen: Walter R. Johnson, Dr. Howard Pursell, Philip Halzell, Edmund Lawrence, Wm. Blackwood, George A. Shoemaker and Alfred C. Johnson. The old board of officers was re-elected, consisting of Walter R Johnson, President; Dr. Howard Pursell, Secretary; Philip Halzell, Treasurer. The usual semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. was ordered paid the stockholders.

—The Democratic borough and ward conventions will be held to-morrow evening. The Democracy are yet completely at sea with regard to a candidate for Burgess. Philip Halzell and Thomas B. Douglass have each been talked of, but it is an open secret that each has discouraged the use of his name for the position. For Justices of the Peace, Joseph Bannister will be renominated, but the personality of the other nominee has not yet fully materialized. For Council in the First ward, Thomas B. Douglass will be named, if he cannot be prevailed upon to take the nomination for Burgess. Who the second man will be yet remains undeveloped. The Second ward is in about the same situation. John McBride will probably be a candidate for councilmanic honors, who the second will be yet remains a mystery. In the Third ward Charles Hoeding and S. P. Porter are favorably spoken of, while among the unterrified in the little Fourth, Jeremiah H. Kelly and Patrick Lyden will receive a hearty support.

—The Burgess and Council met in regular session last Monday evening. Messrs. McCue and Roe were absent. The Street committee reported that the street lamp on Pond street, for which a petition to have it re-removed to its original position, was in its proper place, and that another lamp was needed. The Police committee reported the general order of the town continued good, that six arrests had been made and that eighty-seven wearied and foot-sore pedestrians and travelers had found accommodations at the town house. The bill of John Waters, the proprietor of a canal boat, for $6.50 for damage to his boat incurred by trying to force the Jefferson avenue bridge to properly perform its swinging functions was ordered paid. The Burgess reported progress in the borough suit against the railroad company. Bills amounting to about $750 were ordered paid. The bills of E. W. Minster and John Myers for hauling steamer to fires were after considerable debate referred to the Fire committee. The clerk reported $59 received during the year for licenses and building permits. The tax collector reported the collection of $1656 delinquent taxes, there being about $500 yet uncollected. The time for collection was extended one month. Remits of taxes of a number of people who had removed from town, or were unable to pay, were granted. Warrants for arrest of sundry persons who refused to pay their taxes were ordered to be placed in the Constables hands; the delinquents of each ward to be arrested the Constable of that ward. Messrs. Bradon, Joyce and Porter were appointed a committee to audit the Treasurer's accounts and council then adjourned.

THE TICKET.

BURGESS,
Francis Fenimore.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE,
William Londerbough,
Edward N. Booz.

TAX COLLECTOR,
Fred B. Booz.

AUDITORS,
Charles York,
W. H. Smith,
Walter McRoberts.

FIRST WARD.

COUNCIL,
Samuel Scott,
George W. Strausser.

SCHOOL DIRECTOR,
J. R. Osman.

JUDGE OF ELECTION,
George Sheppard.

INSPECTOR,
Albert Vanhorn.

SECOND WARD.

COUNCIL,
Joseph R. Grundy,
John C. Maule.

JUDGE OF ELECTION,
Hamlin Jones.

INSPECTOR,
W. Frank Scull.

THIRD WARD.

COUNCIL,
John N. DeGroot,
E. M. Wood.

SCHOOL DIRECTOR,
John Street.

JUDGE OF ELECTION,
F. Max Gress.

INSPECTOR,
Joseph McDonnall.

FOURTH WARD.

COUNCIL,
Robert J. Pearson,
Andrew J. Quigley.

SCHOOL DIRECTOR,
Joseph S. Beckley.

JUDGE OF ELECTION,
Robert B. Riley.

INSPECTOR,
William R. Coffman.

This is the ticket as nominated last night by the Republicans in ward and borough conventions. Francis Fenimore, for Burgess, received the unanimous vote of the delegates of the borough convention. In placing his name at the head of the ticket the Republicans of Bristol did well. In local contests the character and fitness of those nominated have much to do with success. Although this is a Republican borough Democrats do occassionally elect a man, and sometimes by a good sized majority. Mr. Fenimore, as we may have remarked before, is a man eminently qualified for the position. He will not only poll the full Republican vote, but many Democrats, who want to see a "New Bristol," will contribute their votes towards swelling his majority. For Justices of the Peace, William Louderbough and Edward N. Booz were nominated. They were placed upon the ticket by a unanimous vote. Mr. Louderbough has already faithfully served one term and his record has been an excellent one. Edward N. Booz is also one of Bristol's best known citizens. He is entitled to the full support of the party. He has served as tax collector with fidelity and has given strict attention to that business. He is well qualified for the position of 'Squire and will undoubtedly make a good officer. The nomination for tax collector is Fred B. Booz, of the firm of Booz & Black. He is a young man, fully competent, of pleasant manners, of strict integrity and will receive the hearty support of the Republican party and many Democrats. As a rule the Republican nominees for Councilmen and School Directors are entitled to the support of the party. They are, we understand, all new men for the positions to which they are named, and time will show their merit and qualifications. The responsibility for good local government rests almost entirely with them. Upon their attitude in borough and school matters depends whether the tax payers will be likely to receive full benefit. It remains for the voters of the borough to decide. The Democrats have not as yet named any ticket, but it is presumed that they will set up their most available men. In view of the excellent ticket nominated by the Republicans there is no good reason why any Republican should place a paster over any name on his ticket.

—The Lotus Literary Society gave a public entertainment, last Monday evening, at the First Baptist church. Some five hundred invitations had been issued and the church was crowded with an appreciative audience. The exercises of the evening were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. E. P. Shields, after which the Society sang "America." The President of the Society, Rev. I. W. Goodhue then delivered a short address explanatory of the objects of the Society. This was followed with a violin solo, by Bloomfield Bartine, which was well received. Robert B. Kelly then read a well written essay to the young men of Bristol, which is especially deserving of favorable mention. William Quinn followed with a vocal solo, "Marguerite." "The Trials of an Editor" next claimed the attention of the audience, the contributions to which were "The trouble of procuring corpses for dissecting purposes," by Dr. J. R. Osman, "There is no Old-fogyism in Bristol," and an article on "The King's Daughters" by R. B. Kelly, "The origin of the Lotus Society," by Rev. I. W. Goodhue, and an editorial by the editor-in-chief, Doran Green. The parts taken by Walter Jones and John T. Thorn were well rendered. A vocal duet by N. Morgan Stephen and William Quinn followed, which was succeeded by a quartette by the same gentlemen and Fred Quicksall and Charles Cobley. "The Sleeping Sentinel," a tableau vivant, was next presented in fine style. A reading by A. H. Towle, a solo by Fred Quicksall, were next given in a very creditable manner. The entertainment closed with the laughable farce "Bardell vs. Pickwick." The principal characters were, Doron Green as Mrs. Cluppins, Thomas Ardrey as Sam Weller, Jacob Wichser as Mrs. Bardell, R. B. Kelly as Sergeant Buzfuz, John Christy as the Judge and Harry Sickles as Nathanial Winkle. The entire entertainment reflected great credit upon the young men who prticipated in the performances of the evening.

BRISTOL TOURISTS.

The friends in this vicinity of Ellwood and Joseph Heston and Fremont Harned will be pleased to learn of their safe arrival in Europe. The following extracts from a late letter to Mrs. A. M. Heston, of Newtown, from Ellwood Heston, have been sent to the GAZETTE for publication:

LONDON, 1st mo. 4th, '91.—We arrived at this "wilderness" on Fifth day afternoon from Liverpool where we had stopped over night. Of course you saw in the Press the "Majesties" arrival at London on Fourth day, 31st.

We are all comparatively well, I still have some relics of a cold contracted on the steamer, which was kept almost as cold as a barn—the only fault to find, and the weather was very cold off the Nova Scotia and Newfoundland coasts.

The Majestic did not get under way from New York 'till about 2 p. m.; made a quick run to Sandy Hook, and as she passed out on the bosom of old ocean these beautiful lines of Colton arose in my mind:

"Farewell, the land is fading fast,
The wind is piping free,
The pennant from our gallant mast
Points to the dark blue sea."

The voyage to the Banks of Newfoundland, off which we were some 200 miles, was comparatively smooth, with only a long, slow, easy motion, rolling as gently as a cradle, but on Sunday as she went to starboard and lay her course for the coast of Ireland we encountered a strong head-wind and heavy seas. We had no storms during the voyage, only snow squalls off the New England coast, and she began to roll and pitch considerably [illegible] Third day without abatement. Winter weather and winter seas of course. She had quite a full passenger list and many were very sick; we as a trio escaped with only slight premonitory symptoms.

The weather here is very raw and chilly, a penetrating cold, they tell us unusually cold for over a month, more so than for many years. The ground was covered with light snow and boys were skating on the line of the Midland railroad from Liverpool to London. The landscape on this route is made up of lovely hills and valleys, and must be exceedingly beautiful in its summer garb of green and blue.

We were out shopping yesterday in the "Strand" and dined at a restaurant. We saw some amusing things, right under our noses 'tho, for you could not see across the street for the fog. We find the people extremely clever. We are stopping at the "Hotel Metropole," which is simply magnificent; said to be the "swellest" one in London, and there are a number of others, hard by, almost as grand. Nearly all the employees are in uniform, even the head porter is strutting in gold lace.

To-morrow at eleven, we expect to start for Paris and will probably stay there several days as per weather, etc. It is now about three o'clock here, in Newtown it would be ten a. m. We breakfast at 10.15 and dine about 6; find the two meals a day ample.

Will write you from Nice, and hoping you are all well, I am, etc.

W. ELLWOOD HESTON.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I wish to thank you for that article you printed on "Work," last week in "Jottings, New and Old." It is a fine thing; it has done me good. It ought to do everybody good that reads it. It is worth more than a cart-load of sermons that I never have a chance to hear. The good Book says: "Learn to labor and to work while it is yet day. Let us then be up and doing, for the hour cometh when no man can work." Work is the best kind of employment. It is the greatest medicine under the sun. It beats all the tonics that come in bottles. Blessed be the man who invented work; it goes ahead of all other blessings. Charity and work are both good things, but neither of them agree with some constitutions. The poet says, "labor and wait." Some people take one part of the advice and some the other. Lots of people do lots of waiting. Sometimes it is harder to wait than to work. This is because work pays and waiting does not. It is easy enough to say, go to work, but suppose nobody gives you a job. When work is scarce blessed are they who have no families to provide for. The hog must root or die. The man must work or beg. Very few are willing to starve. Often there is an over-production of laborers. If there is but one job of work and two men want it, one of the men must stay idle. He must wait. Pity the poor, but don't be stingy with them. Blessed is he who was born with a heart for any fate. The poorest, having but little bread to live on, seem able to live a great while on hope. Blessed be the one who invented hope!

JOHN WEAVER.

—Dr. O. P. James has retired from the treasuryship of the Doylestown Agricultural Society, and Samuel A. Firman has been elected in his stead. It has been decided to hold the next fair on September 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th. A committee of the Bucks County W. C. T. U. is urging the necessity of striking from the premium list the awards offered for home-made wines.

JOTTINGS, NEW AND OLD.

"That happiness may enter the soul, we must first sweep it clean of all imaginary evils." No doubt many people would be happier than they are if they did not constantly dwell upon evils that do not exist, but which they fear will sometime befall them. Evils that live only in the imagination are often greater sources of torment than those which we experience. They are magnified in thought, and they dwindle in practice. We often trouble trouble more than trouble troubles us. We meet it more than half way, instead of giving it the cold shoulder, and forgetting it in absorbing work. Cheerfulness can blunt the edge of almost any trial. It is especially useful in keeping in the distant background those evils that are purely imaginary. "How often it seems the chief good to be born with a cheerful temper."

Do you know where the name of your paper comes from, or how it originated? The first Venetian News-sheet was sold for a gazza, or farthing, and from this it took its name—GAZETTE. How different that early paper must have been from the newspapers of our time, and especially those great dailies which present in so compact a form the history of each passing day the world over. The newspaper is a striking example of evolution. Step by step, point by point, it has developed from a small beginning, through processes of growth and progress that have their root in human ingenuity and enterprise, into the elaborate miracles of intelligence that we witness to-day. It is the most powerful adjunct of civilization, the mightiest instrumentality of progress, the most potent educational force, and the most universally influential among all the agencies that are under the guiding hand of man.

Think of others as you go along. Be not indifferent to the public welfare. Extend a helping hand to those less favored than yourself. Encourage those who are engaged in any work that tends to promote the general good. Be not so wrapped up in yourself, and the little things that immediately concern you, as to be entirely oblivious to all things besides. Lend your countenance, now and then, to the little movements and large enterprises that affect the well-being of the community. If you are not willing to take part in any of the active doings that touch the town's prosperity, be not so unmanly as to play the part of carping critic, or so petty and ignoble as to sit in the seat of the scorner. If you have lived thirty, forty, or fifty years without ever having done the first thing to further the interests and promote the happiness of mankind, it does not follow that you must hold yourself superior to those who are not so bound up in the eternal ligaments of selfishness, and from your pedestal survey the field of action with a disdainful eye, abetted by lips of disparagement. Be selfish if you must, but never discourage others even with a sneer. Live only for yourself, if that is your end and aim, but don't cast cynical shadows on another's path; and remember that "he who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing."

"The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skillful direct it."

"Superstitions, errors, and prejudices are cobwebs continually woven in shallow brains."

"There is pleasure in meeting the eyes of those to whom we have done good."

"The first rule for speaking well is to think well." This might also apply to acting well. Does not the evil deed first dwell in the evil thought? Right action is the fruit of right thinking. Kindness in performance is preceded by kindness in the heart. Humanity in practice is the expression of humane and tender feelings. According to the nature so is the fruit. The wise head is not the source of folly. The weak soul is not a fountain of strength. The quality of the life reflects the character of the individual. Excellence of character is the main thing. Where this exists we find high thinking, worthy action, polished manners, admirable behavior, polite conduct, and all the traits of noble manhood and womanhood. Cultivation should begin at the cradle. "What has been sown in the mind of the youth blooms and fructifies in the sun of riper years."

Here is an expression that we may all contemplate with profit: "There are persons who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people." It is bad enough for a person to waste his own time, (or her time) but it is worse to compel others to waste theirs also. Idle habits beget more of their kind. Industrious habits are likewise contagious. Such facts should impress upon our minds the value of good examples. If time must be wasted let the waster waste it alone. It should not involve robbery of another's valuable hours. We call time precious. If it be so its waste is a great prodigality. "In this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on."

RANDOM.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The "Lotus" will hold a regular meeting, on Monday evening, February 16th. The programme is as follows: Reading, by R. B. Kelly; Essay, Harry Sickels; subject for debate, "Resolved, That the Mental Capacities of the Sex are Equal." Affirmative, Thos. Ardrey, Wm. Wear. Negative, Peter R. Diehl, Fred Quicksall. We again take this opportunity of extending an invitation to all young men of Bristol to be present on the above evening. They will receive a hearty welcome, and we feel satisfied that they will appreciate the exercises as well as receive a benefit therefrom. Visitors are always made to feel perfectly at home. Come and enjoy a pleasant evening. C. E. B.

—A new waiting-shed has been built at Cold Spring station to accomodate passengers going West.

—Forty-two marriage licenses were granted by Clerk of Orphans' Court Wall during the month of January. The Democrat says this is three less than for the same period in 1890, and eleven more than for January, 1889. The youngest bride and groom were aged eighteen. The oldest groom was sixty-seven years of age and the lady of his choice forty-three. The oldest bride was aged fifty years.

—Greenville Commandery, K. T., will have a banner unequaled in that jurisdiction. The central figure is to be a reproduction of Munkacsy's celebrated painting, "Christ on Calvary." The banner will cost $1,000, and will be carried for the first time in the grand conclave parade in Erie next May.

THE TRENTON CUT-OFF IN BUCKS.

ALLEN TOMLINSON OBTAINS A VERDICT OF $6,313 FOR LAND DAMAGES.

The case of Allen Tomlinson vs. The Trenton Cut-Off Railroad Company engaged the attention of the Bucks County Court on Thursday and the greater part of Friday last. The plaintiff produced a large number of witnesses who testified that the railroad ran through the middle of Tomlinson's farm of 81 acres, taking about 7 acres out of the middle and most productive part of the farm; that this necessitated a large outlay of money for the erection of fences; that his fields were much cut up; and that the danger to cattle which had to be driven over dangerous grade crossings in order to put them in pasture was such as to entitle Mr. Tomlinson to a large sum as damages; the witnesses produced by the plaintiff variously estimated the damages from $6500 to $8000. The amount required for the erection of fences was estimated at about $900.

A number of witnesses testified that the value of the farm had been reduced about one-third on account of the railroad passing through it, thus reversing the actual experience of these generally who have been fortunate enough to have railroads pass through their premises.

R. H. Morris, purchasing agent of the railroad company, said in his testimony:

I purchased the right of way for this railroad. I receive my direction from the president of the company as to what I shall buy and what I shall pay as damages. (The plaintiff here attempts to prove that the company intends to build a station on Phineas Paxson's farm. Objection overruled). The purchase from Mr. Paxson has been made by agreement, and he has to this time declined to fulfil it. This road runs from Morrisville to Glen Rock, and connects actually with the Schuylkill Valley at Norristown, which runs to Philadelphia.

The road was originally intended to be built for freight to be shipped from the West, to points east, without passing through Philadelphia. But the company has decided to build up a local traffic, and so I have located stations about two miles apart, between the Delaware and the Schuylkill. There are two grade crossings that I recall in Bucks county, and wherever practicable we have avoided them. The towns and cities have been avoided, and the rate of speed will not be less than that upon our other roads, which is at the rate of sixty miles an hour. There will be two tracks laid now, but eventually, I think there will be four tracks laid. The road passes through a good territory.

H. B. Eastburn and George Ross, Esqs., addressed the jury in behalf of Allen Tomlinson, and Henry Lear, Esq., in behalf of the railroad company.

The Court delivered a very able charge and the plaintiffs were given an exception to the charge, after which the jury in a short time returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, for $6,313.

The jury of view had previously awarded $4200.

—The screams of a man in a closed freight car, which was switched off at Morrisville recently, attracted the attention of Ticket Agent A. B. Cutler. He thought at once that a thief was in the car, and he telegraphed over to Trenton for a couple of officers. They came, as did also a couple of constables from this direction. According to the Trenton Sunday Advertiser the brawny officers stood near the door of the car, and with drawn revolvers and unlifted clubs stood ready to risk their life in the line of duty in order to capture that burglar. The door was opened and there on the floor of the car was an old man, who proved to be nothing more than a tramp, who got in the car at Bristol with the intention of getting a ride to New York. He was almost smothered when he was taken out. The officers were discomfitted when they discovered who he was. Although there were some valuable goods in the car it was soon made evident that the poor tramp was no burglar.

—At Warren, Friday, a company was formed to manufacture newly-patented rolling extension dining room tables. Capital stock, fixed at $125,000, has all been subscribed

—The ART AMATEUR for February, 1891, is an enlarged issue, with special articles devoted to the forthcoming sales of the important Brayton Ives and Seney collections, which are copiously illustrated. A talk with Mr. Shugio on Japanese Porcelains, and many notes on rare bric-a-brac of all classes, make this number appeal specially to collectors. "Our Art Schools" is devoted this month to the School of Design for Women at Philadelphia, with portrait and illustrations. A special double page of "Charcoal Studies after Modern Artists" would alone make the issue a notable one. The practical articles include full description of the popular Gobelins Stitch for Tapestry Work, by Emma Haywood; Modelling in Clay, by L. Bush; Moist Water Colors for China Painting, by M. B. Aling; and the first of an important series of papers on Flower Painting, by H. C. Gaskin. The Color Plates include the companion design (to that in the September, 1890, issue), of Kittens (31x9½), by Helena Maguire, destined to rival its predecessor in popularity; a delightfully painted study of Roses, by Patty Thum; and a superb conventional design in red and gold, for a Lamp Jar with poppy decoration, by Lucy Comins. The supplement has working designs for Wood Carving, by C. M. Jenckes; Metal Work, by W. E. J. Gawthorp; Embroidery, by the Royal School of Art Needlework; China Paintings, by Patty Thum, Marian Reid, and others, and the first page of a new series of Motives for Design, selected from the finest examples of various schools. This number is even more copiously illustrated than usual, the frontispiece, "Eight Bells" direct from the original painting by Winslow Homer, being perhaps the most noticeable of its many engravings, Price 35 cents. Montague Marks, Editor and Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

*A positive and pleasant cure for catarrh, cold in the head, etc, is Old Saul's Catarrh Cure, only 25 cents a package. Always safe and reliable. Sold by all dealers.

Of course take your children to the country, if you can, but don't forget Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, that indispensable help in every emergency. Costs only 25 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.

☞ If current rumors are true Humphrey's Good Samaritan is the best Liniment in the world for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises. Ask Franklin Moss, the blacksmith, what he knows about it.

TO OUR READERS.

We beg to call your attention to the lines of the "Great and Only" Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. They now and operate over 5800 miles of road, extending through Illinois, Wisconsin, the Peninsular of Michigan, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa and Missouri. It is the short line and best route from Chicago to Council Bluffs, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, and intermediate points. Their equipment is unsurpassed. Vestibuled, Electric lighted and Steam heated trains, Chair cars, Pullman's finest sleeping cars, and the finest dining cars in the world. Meals 75 cents. If you contemplate a trip West, Northwest or Southwest of Chicago, you will make no mistake by purchasing your ticket over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. All ticket agents have them. For rates of fare, time tables and full information, write to GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to WM. KELLY, JR., Traveling Passenger Agent, 16 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

Colonists for Montana, Oregon, Washington or British Columbia points should take no other line than the Northern Pacific Railroad.

This railroad, with its main and branch lines, has brought into communication with the east all prominent sections of the great northwest. It is the only line traversing Montana and Washington. It is the only line running through trains from the east to and through the state of Washington. It is the short line from St. Paul to Butte City and Helena, Mont., Spokane Falls, Wash., and Portland, Oregon, and the only all rail line to Tacoma and Seattle, Wash.

Under present car arrangements Pullman sleeping cars and furnished tourist sleepers are run via the Wisconsin Central, and Pullman Palace Sleepers via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Northern Pacific from Chicago through to the Pacific coast without change.

In addition to this service the Northern Pacific runs on its through express trains regular day coaches, dining cars and free colonist sleepers from St. Paul to Tacoma and Portland.

The Northern Pacific line allows the holders of second class tickets to stop at Spokane Falls, Wash., and at all points west thereof, ten days at each place desired. This will enable settlers to thoroughly examine all lands for sale in the new state before selecting a permanent location. No other line offers holders of second-class tickets an opportunity of examining all sections of this great state without the payment of additional fares of from $5.00 to $20.00.

For Maps, Time Tables and Illustrated Pamphlets, or any special information desired, address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

New Advertisements.

Business Opening.

Chas. H. Ancker,

(Formerly with Herrmann)

UPHOLSTERING

—AND—

JOBBING of all Kinds,

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Orders by mail receive strict attention.

54 Wood St.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ELLEN JULESS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

A. WEIR GILKESON, Administrator.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN P. HUGHES, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate will make payment, and those having legal claims or demands against the same, will present them for settlement without delay, to

MARY E. HUGHES, Administratrix.
A. WEIR GILKESON, Att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of HUGH DEVER, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

FRANCES DEVER, Administratrix.
A. WEIR GILKESON, Att'y.

To Forman Hendrickson, his Heirs or Legal Representatives:

YOU WILL TAKE NOTICE THAT ON THE Second day of February, A. D., 1891, at a Court of Common Pleas held at Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, the petition of Isaac Parsons, of the township of Falls, was presented representing that upon the fourteenth day of March, A. D., 1853, Isaac Stackhouse executed and delivered unto Mahlon C. Cooper, Erwin Cooper and Rachel P. Cooper, a certain indenture of mortgage to secure the payment of the sum of eighteen hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents, with interest, at the death of the said Rachel P. Cooper, upon all that certain messuage and tract of land situate in Falls township, in the county of Bucks, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a stone set in the middle of a public road leading from Tyburn to a public landing, and thence extending by lands of Jesse Williamson, south seventeen and a-half degrees, east one hundred and twenty-nine perches to a stone, corner of said Williamson's land and in a line of Aaron Ivins land, thence by the same south sixty-three and a-quarter degrees, west twenty-nine perches and four-tenths to a stone, and thence north seventy-two degrees, west one hundred and eight perches and thirty-two hundreths, to a corner of land of which this was a part and now about to be conveyed unto Aaron Doble, thence north seventeen and a-half degrees west one hundred and thirty perches and eight-tenths to the middle of the aforesaid road, thence along the middle of said road north seventy-two and a-half degrees, east one hundred and seventeen perches to the place of beginning; containing eighty acres, be the same more or less—which said mortgage is duly recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds, at Doylestown, in mortgage book No. 25, page 317. That upon the tenth day of May, A. D., 1853, the said Mahlon C. Cooper and Erwin Cooper assigned their interest in the said mortgage unto the said Rachel P. Cooper, and upon the ninth day of April, A. D., 1867, the said Rachel P. Cooper assigned the said mortgage unto Forman Hendrickson, which said assignments are duly recorded in the office aforesaid in mortgage book No. 25, page 319, and in mortgage book No. 32, page 77 respectively.

That your petitioner is now the owner in fee of the said premises, bound by the lien of said mortgage having acquired title thereto by deed from Susanna Miller upon the thirteenth day of January, A. D., 1890.

That the said Susanna Miller represented to your petitioner at the time of the said purchase that there were no liens upon the said premises, and that your petitioner had no knowledge of the existence of the said mortgage until informed that an examination of the records revealed it.

That the affidavit of the said Susanna Miller hereto attached shows that she had no knowledge of the said mortgage until informed of the fact after the sale of the said premises to your petitioner, and that she was never called upon to make any payment either of principal or interest of the said mortgage during the period of over thirteen years in which she held title to the said premises.

That no demand for the payment of either principal or interest of the said mortgage has been made upon your petitioner.

That it appears by affidavits hereto attached that the said Rachel P. Cooper died on the seventeenth day of June, A. D., 1860, and it is also shown by the certificate of the Surrogate of Mercer County, of the State of New Jersey, that letters of administration upon the estate of the said Rachel P. Cooper were issued upon the second day of April, A. D., 1862.

That the legal presumption of the payment of the said mortgage now exists from lapse of time.

That no satisfaction of the said mortgage appears upon the record thereof.

That so far as the records show the said Forman Hendrickson has not assigned the said mortgage.

That your petitioner has no knowledge of the existence of the whereabouts of the said Forman Hendrickson, sufficient to enable him to aver anything in regard to him, but that your petitioner is informed and believes that the said Forman Hendrickson is now deceased.

That your petitioner believes that the said mortgage debt and interest has long since been paid, but knows of no one legally competent to satisfy the said mortgage of record.

Your petitioner therefore prays the Court to direct such proceedings to be had in the premises as are prescribed by the Act of Assembly, to the end that an Order of Court may be made directing the Recorder of Deeds of the county of Bucks to satisfy the said mortgage of record, according to the provisions of the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

Whereupon the Court ordered notice to be given according to the statute in such case made and provided—you are, therefore, hereby notified to be and appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be holden at Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, on MONDAY, the SIXTEENTH DAY OF MARCH, A. D., 1891, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and answer the petition aforesaid and show cause, if any you have, why a decree of the said Court should not be made to satisfy the said mortgage of record as prayed for.

J. JOHNSON BEANS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Doylestown, Pa.,
February 9th, 1891.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Att'y for Petitioner,

Catarrh in New England.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles.—G. K. Mellor, Druggist, Worcester, Mass.

I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public.—Bush & Co., Druggists, Worcester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfactory results. W. P. Draper, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

☞ A lady who will do writing for me at her own home will receive good wages. Address, with self-addressed stamped envelope, Miss Flora D. Jones, South Bend, Ind., Proprietor of the Famous "Blush of Roses" for the Complexion.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1 at all druggists'.

Miscellaneous

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

PHILADELPHIA.

The New and Beautiful Fabrics, for Spring and Summer recently placed on exhibition, have made our rooms blossom in beauty like a Tropical Flower Garden on a large scale.

The Newspaper Men, quick by instinct and training to scent important and interesting news for their readers, gathered in numbers at our recent Opening, almost every Philadelphia paper being represented.

The following are short extracts from their long notices referring to different lines of goods:

From the Public Ledger.

EXTENSIVE DISPLAY OF SPRING STUFFS AT STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER'S.

[illegible] and cotton goods counters—in Strawbridge & Clothier's mammoth store, Eighth and Market streets, yesterday, took on a brilliant hue. About a quarter of million dollars' worth of goods, from the finest looms of the Orient and France, England, Scotland, and America, were to be seen. The occasion was the opening of spring styles.

"A student of the history of fashion will at once recur in thought to the times of the American and French revolutions, when he, or more probably she, enters the dress goods department. The printed challies, in patterns that were generally popular a century ago, have experienced a revival and reappear in a myriad striking and attractive designs. A pyramid of challies, with their brilliant coloring, commands attention at once on entering the department. The newest thing is a challie with black ground, on which are scattered flowers of brilliant coloring. Roses, sprays of forget-me-not, carnations, fern leaves and daisies, are some of the designs in the different webs."

From the Press.

"A tendency of the coming Summer's fashions was shown in every kind of fabric, toward dark or black backgrounds, brilliant figured, not with geometrical or conventional designs, but with remarkably natural and vivid representations of every pretty blossom, garden-grown or found in field or forest.

"This is particularly true of the printed silks, almost all of them triumphs of French art. There are Japanese and Shanghai fabrics, which owe their beauty to the dyers and designers of Lyons. One noticeable piece among a hundred was dotted with pansies, the effect being signally free from stiffness and conventionality."

From the Inquirer.

"Along the four great counters full of cotton goods the feminine eye can fairly revel in delights. A pineapple design is exclusively controlled by Strawbridge & Clothier in this country. The Indian Pongees, the whole product of which is handled by this firm, appear in a multiplicity of refreshing colors and designs, and demonstrate how American products are gaining the highest favor. The Anderson ginghams are displayed in happy varieties, and in this connection a novelty zephyr of fairy lightness and American manufacture is pronounced equal to Anderson's."

From the Times.

"The greatest crowds were around the counters where the woolen fabrics were on exhibition. Here over 2,000 pieces of French printed challies, made by the best firms in the world, were to be seen and examined. The majority of the goods had white on pale backgrounds, with exquisite designs of flowers printed upon them. The carnation, rose, violet, and all the other flowers were to be seen in their brightest colors."

From the North American.

"The display of silks alone occupies 250 feet of counter room. And such novelties, too! The Japanese and Shanghai silks are something beautiful, the figures having the appearance of being hand-painted. Art work on black briefly describes them. Then there is a beautiful display of Bengalines, which are big improvements ever gros grain silks. Some of them are of soft drapery nature, and are just the things for costumes or drapings. There is a splendid array of light Pongee silks of domestic manufacture, the goods and printings being the result of American enterprise. There is a revival in polka dots, of which there is a full line in dots of every size."

From the Record.

"The cotton-printed goods include the world-famous Anderson ginghams, the 'zephyr' being the thinnest and finest ever woven. No less important is the display of American goods, which equal the foreign work in texture and design. This house has the exclusive control of the output of India pongees, and the orders from throughout the country indicate its steadily growing popularity."

From the Evening Telegraph.

"One of the prettiest sights ever seen in a day's stroll at this time is the interior of Strawbridge & Clothier's spacious store, at Eighth & Market streets. In the western aisles, where silks, velvets and cotton goods counters are, about a quarter of million dollars' worth of spring goods were put on exhibit for the first time yesterday."

From the Evening Bulletin.

"A brilliant display of silks, velvets, and satins in all the colors and shades known to the artist, a delicious blending of the prismatic hues and tints of the rainbow, and artistic arrangement of the finest and most costly goods give a faint conception of the appearance of the interior of the mammoth store of Strawbridge & Clothier, at Eighth and Market streets; in the department allotted to ladies' dress goods."

Strawbridge & Clothier,

Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous

Lewis T. Rodan,

Plumber, Steam & Gas Pipe Fitter,

And Dealer in

Plumbing Materials of all kinds.

Gas Machines,

WIND MILLS, PUMPS,

HYDRAULIC RAMS, &c., &c.

N. E. Cor. Radcliffe & Market.

S. B. ARDREY,

Consulting Mechanical Engineer.

POND ST. MACHINE SHOP.

☞ Designing for inventors a specialty.

JESSE O. THOMAS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

BRISTOL, PA.

"Time is Money"

We have a Fine New Stock of

Winter Underwear.

Ready-made Clothing

—and—

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

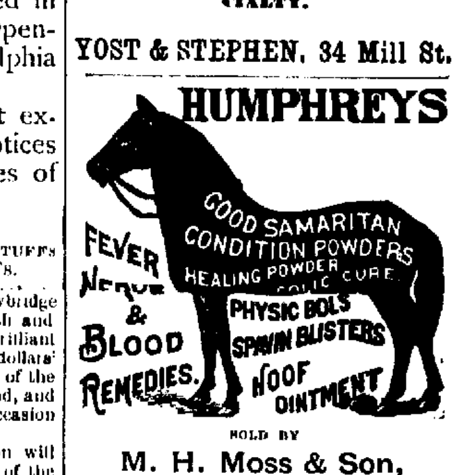
Which we offer at the Lowest City Prices.

☞ We are also giving away Albums. Drop in and see how we work the scheme.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER A SPECIALTY.

YOST & STEPHEN, 34 Mill St.

HUMPHREYS



SOLD BY

M. H. Moss & Son,

PRACTICAL HORSE SHOERS,

Bristol, Penn'a.

Sherman & Peirce,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.

Specialties made of

HOT-BED SASH, BERRY BOXES AND ENGRAVING BOARDS.

Dorrance Street, near Railroad

JOS. SHERMAN. WM. C. PEIRCE

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

BRISTOL, PA., December 26, 1890.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING in Bristol, Pa. and Trenton, N. J. between the undersigned, under the name of "The Philadelphia Cash Grocery," is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The business in Bristol will hereafter be conducted by Samuel I. Whitaker, by whom all the debts of the Bristol stores will be paid.

SAMUEL I. WHITAKER,
CHARLES S. BURLEY.



SHOES WILL FIT YOUR FEET AND GIVE YOU COMFORT.

K. PANCOAST, 41 N. Ninth St., Phila.

HARRY O. PROBST,

Photographer,

228 NORTH NINTH STREET,

Philadelphia - - Pa.

Geneva Magnetic Water.

JEFFERIES & CO.,

2 North Twelfth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Visit

Doolittle's

DINING ROOM,

31 S. Second Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

SAFE, SURE & SPEEDY CURE

Rupture, Varicocele and Special Diseases. Why be humbugged by quacks, when you can find in Dr. Wright the only regular physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above diseases and cures them? Cures guaranteed. Advice free, day and evening. Strangers can be treated and return home same day. Offices private.

DR. W. H. WRIGHT,
241 North Ninth Street, above Race,
P. O. Box 673. Philadelphia.



Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, generally slip off the feet.

THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."

GRAFF, SON & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At Retail By,

Retail dealers can have their names inserted here on application.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

NewspaperARCHIVE®

TELL ME.

Tell me, O ye winds, that wail,
Is there not beyond this vale
Some sweet sphere, as yet unviewed,
Where earth's sorrows ne'er intrude?

Tell me, O ye stars, that blaze,
Is there not some far off place
Where the never ending years
All unwatered are by tears?

Tell me, O ye ones we gave
With reluctance to the grave,
Did ye not in triumph rise
From the coffin to the skies?
—Susie M. Best in Philadelphia Ledger.

SAD, BUT TRUE.

I was just 18, and I was unquestionably pretty. Our home at Meadowtown was the quietest of country homes, but it did not prevent one from meeting there what I felt wholly justified in calling my "fate."

Robert Carroll was a young artist, who had come up one summer for the purpose of filling his portfolio with sketches under the most economical circumstances as regarded his board per week; and Robert and I in the early part of the summer had met in a mutually love-at-first-sight sort of way, which soon resulted in our engagement.

Robert's immediate prospects as concerned personal support were several water colors of by no means remarkable value and an oil painting which he found it impossible to sell. But he whispered to me confidential things before long about a comfortably off grandfather of 82 and a neglected yet heir presumptive grandson.

Mother (my only living parent) loved me in such a weak, fondly way that she would have merely lifted her eyebrows in meek protestation, doubtless, if I had revealed a passionate attachment for our man of all [illegible] grocer. And so the fact of my formal engagement to Robert Carroll became very soon a settled matter in our small household

But in the middle of the summer something very unexpected happened.

I received an invitation from my aunt, Mrs. Grosvenor Abercrombie, to come and visit her at Newport.

Mrs. Grosvenor Abercrombie! Poor mother had trained me up from infancy to feel a sort of awe at the mention of that name. Never were two sisters so socially apart from one another as Augusta Lester, living humbly and plainly in an obscure little country town, and Cornelia Abercrombie, whose lucky match with a millionaire in years past had given her position as one of society's reigning queens.

I accepted the invitation in fear and trembling. I made no attempt at anything like a strain in the matter of costume; my few simple dresses I well knew would stand me in better stead than all the country made finery which I might have had hastily "stitched up." At least I was sure of one thing about myself: I had not a suggestion of vulgarity in appearance or manners that could shock these high bred relatives.

I think Mrs. Abercrombie recognized this fact five minutes after meeting me. She was a superb looking woman, with great gray puffs at either temple, a delicate, peachy complexion, strangely untouched by time, and manners that were queenly with quiet dignity.

Aunt Cornelia had one daughter, Helen. Very much of her mother's stately grace belonged to Helen Abercrombie's style. Her small head, where thick masses of blue black hair lay coiled and twined in glossiest abundance, was exquisitely set upon her swan like, sloping shoulders. Her face, thoroughly brunette in type, had a dreamy sweetness of expression that struck you at a glance as most winningly lovely. She was a great belle, as I soon perceived, in Newport society.

Aunt Cornelia's house and its appointments were regal to my rustic eyes. The luxurious ease in which she lived seemed almost marvelous. Servants bowing at every turn; no task to be done by your own hands except just what they wished to do; splendor, wealth, grandeur and refinement everywhere—ah, me! what wonder that my head was turned with it all!

I rapidly accommodated myself to this new life. Helen was charming to me without any irritating touches of condescension, and Aunt Cornelia was full of the most genial hosthood.

I was made in the most delicate way to understand immediately upon my arrival that my few simple dresses would be wholly unsuitable for the gayeties of Newport, and very soon I was attending balls, dinners, kettledrums, and Heaven only knows what else, in costumes that Aunt Cornelia's charming method of bestowal made it no embarrassment to accept.

The change from Meadowtown to Newport, from rural immurements to a perpetual round of merrymaking, was a change intensely radical, as all will admit. After three weeks of this utterly new life, when the time came for me to go home, I remember having a drearily depressed feeling that not even the thought of seeing Robert once more could do anything except mildly alleviate.

But, ah! until I was really back in Meadowtown once more I never knew how radical my mental change had been. Fight against it as I would, discontent and dissatisfaction besieged me at every turn. Our modest household customs, arrangements and conveniences struck me as ridiculous, meager, contemptible, after the glories of Aunt Abercrombie's Newport mansion, and the wealth stamped surroundings of her fine friends.

Poor mother! she bore with me very patiently, as it was her sweet nature always to bear with everybody's crotchets and shortcomings. Robert bore with me patiently, too, at first, for I verily believe that his love was then strong enough to make nearly my worst faults take a borrowed ideal light of virtue.

But here is a specimen of how I would sometimes treat him during the month that followed my return:

"You have come for me to take a walk, Robert?"

"Yes, Ada"—with the pleasantest of looks in his large, soft brown eyes.

"Gracious!" (rather pettishly). "It is altogether too early in the afternoon. This blazing sun will ruin my complexion. Cousin Helen and all the ladies at Newport would never think of walking out at this hour."

"I thought it rather cool, Ada. But just as you choose. We can sit here and talk for a while on the piazza, if you prefer."

"Positively, Robert, I'm almost ashamed to sit with you while you have on that horrid, careless looking arrangement which you dignify by the name of a coat. None of the gentlemen at Newport"——

"Well," Robert here interrupted, with just the least tinge of pronounced pique in tone and manner, "what about the gentleman at Newport?"

"Oh, pshaw! don't show jealousy. It is such dreadfully bad style, you know."

"Is it? I wasn't aware of being jealous, Ada. I hope there is no reason for any such feeling."

"All I meant, Robert, was that the Newport gentlemen" (with a faint, fluttering, retrospective sort of sigh at this point) "are so very neat in their costumes."

This amiable little confab is only one of the many which took place between Robert and myself during the month that succeeded my eventful visit. Did I finally see signs of impatience in his manner? touches of manly intolerance at my treatment? periods of coldness in his general demeanor? Well, if I saw them, I chose not to see them; and so the days passed.

At length, one autumn morning, I rushed into the room where mother was seated, holding an open letter in my hand.

"Oh, mother! mother!" I cried, "what do you think?"

"Well, Ada?" was the placid question.

"You remember," I sped on, "how, in my last letter to Cousin Helen, I jokingly invited her to Meadowtown? Of course I never dreamed of having her come, and just put in the invitation as a means of filling up my stupid letter, and now she writes me that she will take me at my word—that she is very anxious to taste a real bit of country life before going back to next winter's gayeties in New York, and—and—oh! I shall die of mortification at the thought of having her here!"

But have her I was forced to do. and mortification spared me any such terrible result as that prophesied. She came, looking the thorough lady she was, dressed with suitable quietness, and accepting all our homespun hospitality with a sweet, thoroughbred lack of surprise.

"I want you to appear your very best," I said to Robert in the morning before her arrival. "Cousin Helen is very particular and fastidious about gentlemen. She is a great belle—and, for that matter, a great beauty—and the least coarseness in a man's manners or dress always shocks her keenly."

Robert's brows darkened. I had gone too far. For the first time since knowing him I saw his handsome mouth take a bitter, sneering curve.

"Perhaps a clod like myself had better not appear at all," he said, "while your paragon is here."

But he did appear that night. Helen was very affably cordial to him. She knew nothing of our engagement—I had never mentioned a word of it either to herself or Aunt Cornelia.

When Robert had left us that night and we were alone together, she astonished me by saying:

"What a charming man Mr. Carroll is! Why have you never mentioned him to me, Ada? Has he been long in Meadowtown?"

"Oh, yes! Nearly all summer."

"He comes of the Carrolls of L——, does he not?"

"Yes," I said, a little confused, a great deal astonished. "That is, his grandfather, Mr. Everhard Carroll, lives in L——. This Mr. Robert Carroll is an artist, as he told you, and—and quite poor."

"Oh, I know nearly all about his family!" Helen said. "His grandfather, Mr. Everhard Carroll, treated him shamefully on account of embracing art as a profession. The old gentleman is one of the greatest millionaires in the country, and he has given out, I believe, that he will bequeath all his fortune to this Robert, his only heir, though he refuses to notice him while he lives—and for that absurd reason, too! Is it not wonderful what simpletons some people can make of themselves?"

"Very," I murmured. I was more confused than ever.

During the next four or five days Robert came constantly to the cottage. Helen showed the most marked attention and rapidly growing preference for his society. His manner was very courteous to me—nothing more. I could not complain, for I had more than once pointedly hinted to him that I desired no mention of our engagement to be made during Helen Abercrombie's visit.

Two weeks passed on. At the end of those two weeks I was sick, tortured, agonized with jealousy. It seemed to me that in every motion of Robert's and in every sound of his voice I saw proof that he had transferred all his old allegiance from myself to Helen. And for my own feelings, every vestige of my own slumbering, maltreated, half despised love revived under the present shock of circumstances. I blamed myself for the past—I hated myself for it—I told myself that I deserved terrible punishment.

And the punishment came.

Helen staid with us three weeks. The night before she left they took a walk together among the paths that skirted our cottage. It was a night of perfect autumn moonlight, and now and then I could see their dark forms sharply outlined in the silver air, as I watched them from the window of the sitting room, where I sat alone, with a miserable, throbbing, foreboding heart.

At last they entered the house. Then I heard them pass into the little library where mother often sat and was sitting now. Presently I heard Robert ask:

"Where is Ada?"

He had never called me "Ada" before in her presence. I knew what was coming then. I heard mother's answer, "In the sitting room, I think," and waited and shuddered.

The door was half closed. Presently there sounded a little knock upon it.

I rose as if stung.

"Come in," I said.

Robert entered.

I can't write out his words. They were very mildly spoken; he said that he had for some time been forced to believe that I cared nothing whatever for him.

And then, though my heart was nearly breaking in my breast, woman's pride came to my rescue.

"You are right," I said, "I do care nothing for you. I suppose you have come to tell me that you wish to break your engagement with me and marry Helen Abercrombie?"

"I do," he answered simply, "if you will release me."

"Very well," I managed. "You are perfectly free."

But the sitting room light was dancing before my eyes as I said it, and my poor heart was wildly galloping.

I had gotten my punishment. Was it oversevere? Often, often I think so during the lonely, eventless years of maidenhood which have followed.

They have been married almost more years than I can count over. I rarely see them, but I know they are very happy. Do you call this a miserable, sad story, reader? Well, remember that, as I said at first, it is "sad, but true."—K. D. in New York News.

THE SCHEME WORKED.

A Man Puts Up a Job to Make Every Woman in the Theatre Take Off Her Hat.

The theatre was crowded. The curtain had just risen. Jewels flashed, gay plumes on wondrous headdresses fluttered in the heated air, costly fans waved slowly to and fro, and the fashionable audience turned its eyes and opera glasses toward the stage and settled into the hush of expectation that precedes the opening of the play, which the experienced stage manager has waited considerately for all the late comers to be seated before the bell taps for the curtain to rise.

In a conspicuous location about half way between the orchestra and the front seats of the parquet circle were three ladies who had come in unattended about five minutes before. They were noticeable for the wide, flaring, umbrageous hats they wore. Directly behind them sat a nervous looking, despairing man, who was making wild but fruitless efforts to see the stage. The wide hats with their wealth of tropical bird foliage hid everything he wanted to see from his view. In vain he wriggled and squirmed and craned his neck from side to side. The hats were too large, too close together and too richly upholstered.

Apparently unconscious that he was attracting the attention of everybody in his neighborhood and bringing the ladies in front of him into unpleasant prominence, he persevered till sounds of ill suppressed laughter were heard on all sides of him. Then he settled himself back in his chair with a weary sigh, but the next moment took advantage of a lull in the performance on the stage to lean forward and address one of the ladies—the one who sat in the middle.

"Madam," he said in a loud whisper, "I beg pardon, but it is utterly impossible for me to see through your hat, and the Lord made me too small to see over it. If you will kindly remove it you will make a wretched man happy for a whole evening."

The forty or fifty persons who were looking on saw the lady remove her hat at once, turn around, and smilingly beg his pardon. They saw the other two ladies take off their hats also, and the example became instantly contagious. Ten or a dozen other enormous hats came off in the next half minute, much to the relief of the sufferers directly behind them. Then the star of the evening stepped on the stage and the attention of the audience was attracted to the performance again.

The details of this pleasing little incident are given in full for the purpose of explaining to those who witnessed it that the whole affair was a put up job.

The lady whom that man addressed was his wife, and the other two were his sisters. —Chicago Tribune.

In Her Skies.

The glory of Italy is not in her eye, but in her skies. She has 3,000 beggars for every person worth $5,000, seventeen criminals for every 1,000 population, a professional brigand for every church, and five corrupt government officials for every honest man.—Detroit Free Press.

He Was a Lucky Reporter.

Reporters sometimes report speeches they do not hear, and bad work they make of it. An enthusiastic Irishman was once hoaxed by a wag into reporting a speech in parliament by Edmund Burke on the merits of the potato as an article of diet. The wag repeated the speech apparently from his notes, and the reporter, never doubting his good faith, handed in a report. The next morning all London was laughing over the speech, which made Mr. Burke attribute the superior virtue of the Irish people to the fact that they eat so many potatoes.

Another reporter fared better who made up a speech from his own imagination. It was a bold act, for the speech was from the throne, George III being the monarch. The ministers were indignant at his impudence, and were eager to punish him with the severest penalties of the law. But the good natured monarch interposed, with a quiet joke at the expense of the minister who had prepared the speech read by the king. "I hope the man's punishment will be of the mildest sort," said King George, "because I have read both, and so far as I can understand either of them, I like the reporter's speech better than my own."—New York World.

Many Kinds of Bananas.

There are as many kinds of bananas as there are kinds of apples—medium sized ones, such as we see in the north; big ones a foot long; thick ones, almost like small muskmelons, and little ones only three or four inches in length. When you visit a fruit stand I fear you are likely to select the biggest and handsomest bananas you see, and there is just where you make a mistake. The smallest bananas are in nearly all cases the sweetest and juciest, the tiny "fig" banana being the best of all. The rind should be thin, and there should be no ridges or corners on it. The larger the ridges the coarser the fruit.

The plantain, which is the very coarsest kind of banana, has enormous ridges. This species is not fit to eat without being cooked, but when boiled or baked or fried it is delicious. Any coarse banana—that is, one having a thick rind with large ridges—is good for cooking. All bananas contain starch while green, which upon ripening is changed by nature's wonderful chemistry into sugar.—C. De Kalb in Harper's Young People.

He Cheated at Whist.

Lord Henry de Ros was once said to be one of the best whist players in England. Subsequently, however, it was discovered that he was in the habit of aiding his skill by marking with his nail the high honors of the pack, so that he might observe to whom they were dealt. During the scandal that followed this discovery a fop who had never been admitted to his acquaintance drawled out, "I would leave my card at his house, but I fear he would mark it." "That would depend," remarked a gentleman present, "on whether he considered it a high honor." De Ros did not long survive the disgraceful exposure, and Theodore Hook is said to have embalmed his memory in the following punning epitaph: "Here lies the premier baron of England, patiently awaiting his last trump."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A New Bleaching Agent.

Dr. Ludwig Schreiner, of Stuttgart, has brought forward a new bleaching agent which he calls ozonin. It is prepared by dissolving 22 parts of hydrate of potash in 126½ parts of water, to which 125 parts of resin are added after boiling the solution. To this mixture are added first 150 parts oil of turpentine, and then 126½ parts peroxide of hydrogen. The product thus obtained is ozonin, a bleaching agent more powerful than either turpentine or peroxide of hydrogen alone. Dr. Schreiner says that a solution of one part of ozonin in 1,000 parts of water will form a powerful textile bleach, and that the solution also has disinfecting and antiseptic properties of value.—Boston Transcript.

Paper Mills of the World.

The production of paper in the entire world is estimated to be 3,000,000,000 pounds per year. There are 884 paper mills and 1,106 paper machines in this country. Germany has 809 mills and 891 machines; France, 420 mills and 525 machines; England, 361 mills and 541 machines; Scotland, 69 mills and 98 machines; Ireland, 13 mills and 13 machines; Russia, 133 mills and 137 machines, and Austria, 220 mills and 270 machines.—Boston Transcript.

Washington's Eyes.

Small Boy—Mamma, was Gen. Washington blind?

Mamma—Of course not; where did you get that idea?

Small Boy—Nurse tock me to th' Old Ladies' home today, and showed me a woman that he kissed.—New York Weekly.

Of all big cities Berlin probably gets the most vegetables from a distance. Her winter cauliflowers come from Italy and Holland, her new potatoes from Malta, her beans from north Italy, her pickles from Holland, her onions from Russia, Hungary and Egypt.

A Royal Way to Give a Tip.

It was at a club dinner. The guests had just taken their seats at the tables. The colored waiters, resplendent in full dress, were bustling about with itching palms. A jolly party sat down at one of the tables. The leader took his seat at the head of the table and beckoned to one of the waiters. As the expectant darky leaned over him the club man took slowly from his pocket a wallet and from that a crisp new $2 bill. With the greatest deliberation he folded it through the center, while the waiter's eyes began to roll. Laying the greenback on the table, he pressed his knife along the crease and calmly tore the bill in two, to the horror of the waiter and to the surprise of his own party. One-half of the bill he tucked into his vest pocket. The other half he handed to the waiter, remarking laconically, "The rest after dinner—perhaps." There wasn't another table in the room that got the service that that table got, and the waiter was finally rewarded with the other half the bill.—New York Sun.

Lecture Cities.

"New York is the worst city in the country for the lecturer," said an employe of a lyceum bureau the other day, "and Philadelphia is one of the best. Boston, however, is the only city that can furnish a paying audience at a matinee lecture. On the whole, Pennsylvania is the best state for lectures. The lecture goes best in towns of from 3,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. However, Pittsburg is a good lecture town, and even Chicago takes strong attractions. The theatregoing people do not attend lectures, and vice versa, so that the method of advertising for theatrical attractions does not work in the case of lectures. New England is hardly so good a field for the lecture as it once was, but there is still a large lecturegoing community in all Yankee cities."—New York Star.

Sure of His Subject.

Mr. B—— was an odd character, especially noted for his ardent defense of the doctrine of election. One day at dinner he was "argyfying" with a neighbor, and as he lifted a piece of meat upon his fork he remarked, "I have no more doubt of the doctrine of election than that I shall eat that meat." Just then, with the emphasis of his gesture, the meat flew off, and was instantly devoured by the family dog.—Christian Union.

Brought a Coolness.

"Send me tenderloins," said a message received by a New York sporting man from a friend in Philadelphia. It should have read, "Send me ten dollars." The New York man replied, "What do you mean?" and the Philadelphia man was so indignant at such a response to his request that the friendship was severed for nearly a year.—New York Times.

Rooks, every one is well aware, pair and build their nests with such punctuality that the confidence of the Scottish gardener in "craws caring naethin' for acts o' parliament," was fully justified by the manner in which they disregard the state of the thermometer and the alteration of the "styles."

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Two Lovers.

She was sweeter than { flowers, honey;
He long sought her { bowers, money.
He plead not in { vain, truth,
And great was his { gain. ruth.
—New York Herald.

Why He Kicked.

Rivers—You want an equal division of wealth, hey? Do you know that if all the property of William Waldorf Astor were divided among the people of this country your share would be only about $1.15? It's a fact. Then what are you kicking about?"

Brooks—I'm kicking for the $1 15.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Opinion.

Ethel—I heard a compliment for you today, Mr. Lightwaite.

Mr. Lightwaite—Oh, indeed, Miss Ethel, you make me positively vain. Pray what was it?

Ethel—Dr. Porus said if you didn't stop smoking cigarettes you might have paresis. —Harper's Bazar.

Cause for Thanks.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, see
How much she labors uselessly;
And then your thanks to heaven tell
That you know to rest so well.
—Washington Post.

More Truth Than Poetry.

Poet—Did you read the two poems I left here last week?

Editor—I did.

"Well, er—what—er—do you think of them?"

"The first one was dreadfully simple, and the other one was simply dreadful."—Texas Siftings.

Could Tell the Difference.

"We do quite a business in the sale of truffles, mushrooms, etc."

"Do you know the difference between poisonous fungi and mushrooms?"

"Oh, yes; that's easy. If the customer eats them and lives they're mushrooms, but if he dies they're fungi."—Philadelphia Times.

Nothing Like Perseverance.

A.—How are you coming on in your literary enterprise? Meeting with much success?

B.—Oh, yes, the outlook is very encouraging! At first the editors paid no attention to my communications, but now I get my contributions back regularly—sometimes by the return mail.—Texas Siftings.

Too Fresh.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To salt the cattle, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You might absorb it, sir," she said.
—New York Herald.

Getting It Mixed.

Willie—Mamma, I want to go to the play this afternoon.

Mamma—You wouldn't enjoy it, Willie. It's to be a Shakespearean play.

"I know it, mamma. I saw the sign down town. It's going to be 'Oysters as You Like It.'"—Chicago Tribune.

New Word Needed.

Polhemus—I've had my typewriter two years, and all it has cost me is $1.05 for oil and ribbons.

Powelson—Mine costs me $75 a year for ribbons alone.

"How does that happen?"

"I married mine. That's how."—Chicago Tribune.

Entirely Fair.

The maiden blushed and hung her head,
"What do you take me for?" she said.
The young man spoke up eagerly,
"For better or for worse," said he.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sporting Item.

A.—I see that they are trying to put a stop to all betting in New York.

B.—I'm glad of it. Betting is a pernicious practice. I hope they will stop it.

"But they can't do it."

"Can't do it! I'll bet you $50 they can."—Texas Siftings.

The Spider and the Fly.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
And the other made reply,
"Thank you for the invitation,
But I am a little fly."
—Philadelphia Times.

Very Kind.

Mrs. Dorcas—I think we should help the poor people in the neighborhood. Now, if I send food, what will you send?

Mrs. Flighty—Me? Oh, I will send an old receipt book, so they can cook the food properly!—Judge.

Not Available.

Sharpson (grinding out verses)—I want a suitable rhyme for "chains."

Palatz—What's the matter with "brains."

"Can't use it. I'm writing a poem entitled 'The Cigarette Smoker.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Good Humor.

The publisher and the humorist
Live on good terms, like men of sense,
Although the best jokes of the latter are made
Invariably at the former's expense.
—Puck.

Why He Didn't Respond.

Cleverton—Did you get my note asking you to dine with me?

Dashaway—Yes.

Cleverton—Why didn't you come?

Dashaway—I was too hungry.—Harper's Bazar.

Eminently Capable.

"They ought to put a new inscription on these telegraph messenger boxes."

"What should it be?"

"You press the button; the boy will take the rest."—Harper's Bazar.

A Generous Man.

If he had but fifteen cents,
This paragon of men,
He'd buy a sandwich with the five,
And give the waiter ten.
—Munsey's Weekly.

Too Much So.

"Did you read my last article?" said one writer to another.

"I did."

"Don't you think it was a pretty exhaustive review of the subject?"

"I found it so."—Washington Post.

The Reason Why.

Miss Smatterer—He didn't understand me when I addressed him in French.

Miss Caustique—No wonder; he's a Frenchman.—Harper's Bazar.

His Task.

A very bashful youth was he;
He trembled in each joint,
And found it hard to come to the
—Washington Post.

ATCHISON PHILOSOPHY.

Love will digest anything.

Two persons who have lied to each other can never become sincere friends.

A man never gets so poor that he can't borrow trouble without security.

There are few who can help a needy person without afterwards telling somebody.

When a man is cross it is an evidence that he is suffering; he is entitled to sympathy, not reproaches.

Watch the hand that pats you on the back. Nine times out of ten it will afterwards grope its way into your pockets.

You have only to say that a woman is pretty to hear some one else in the crowd say, "Yes, but she hasn't much sense."

Some men address people in the way a farmer calls his pigs to corn, and then wonder that they are not more popular.

A philosopher is a man who can feel as easy over his own troubles as he does over his neighbor's. There are no philosophers.

Until the conceit is effectually taken out of a man, as it always is, sooner or later, it will do everything for him except pay his board

Miscellaneous

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated disease. Do not ever take BLUE PILLS or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately. Is your Urine thick, ropy, clouded, or high-colored?

Don't Wait! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters!

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is The Invalid's Friend.

The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow.

Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS. CURES.	PRICES.
1 Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation...	.25
2 Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic...	.25
3 Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4 Diarrhea, of Children or Adults...	.25
5 Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic...	.25
6 Cholera Morbus, Vomiting...	.25
7 Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis...	.25
8 Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache...	.25
9 Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10 Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach...	.25
11 Suppressed or Painful Periods.	.25
12 Whites, too Profuse Periods...	.25
13 Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing...	.25
14 Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions.	.25
15 Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains...	.25
16 Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria...	.50
17 Piles, Blind or Bleeding...	.50
19 Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20 Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs.	.50
24 General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27 Kidney Disease...	.50
28 Nervous Debility...	1.00
30 Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed.	.50
32 Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL, (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

SPECIFICS.

AGENTS Wanted to canvass for the sale of our Home-Grown NURSERY Stock. Most Liberal Terms. Unequaled facilities. One of the largest, oldest-established, and best known Nurseries in the country. Address, W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y. Estab. in 1846.

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ESTABLISHED 1837

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E. LEEDOM & SON,

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FOR

1891.

Some people agree with THE SUN's opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose: it is not the SUN's fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read THE SUN.

Daily, per month,	$0 50
Daily, per year,	6 00
Sunday, per year,	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month,	0 70
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Address THE SUN, New York.

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By a Good Mechanic.

I have found that the People of Bristol want a place where they can have their

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I HAVE EMPLOYED

Mr. Robert Clark,

Who is well known in Bristol, to take charge of this branch and solicit your trade.

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WILLIAM TERNESON,

Manufacturer & dealer in

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,

Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3. Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

Harper & Brothers.

1891.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

The important series of papers on South America by THEODORE CHILD, will be continued in HARPER'S MAGAZINE during the greater part of the year 1891. The articles on Southern California, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, will also be continued. Among other noteworthy attractions will be a novel by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK; a collection of original drawings by W. M. THACKERAY, now published for the first time; a novel written and illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER; a novelette by WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS; and a series of papers on London by WALTER BESANT.

In the number and variety of illustrated papers and other articles on subjects of timely interest, as well as in the unrivalled character of its short stories, poems, etc., HARPER'S MAGAZINE will continue to maintain that standard of excellence for which it has been so long distinguished.

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Special Supplements will be continued in 1891. They will be literary, scientific, artistic, historical, critical, topographical, or descriptive, as occasion may demand, and will continue to deserve the hearty commendation which has been bestowed on past issues by the press and the public. As a family journal, HARPER'S WEEKLY will, as heretofore, be edited with a strict regard for the qualities that make it a safe and welcome visitor to every home.

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The Twelfth Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE begins on November 4, 1890. This best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for young readers presents a rich and attractive programme. In fiction there will be "Campmates: A Story of the Plains," by KIRK MUNROE; "Men of Iron," a romance by HOWARD PYLE, with illustrations by the author; "Flying Hill Farm," by SOPHIE SWETT; "The Moon Prince," by R. K. MUNKITTRICK; and "Yellowtop," by ANNIE BRONSON KING. In addition to these five serials, there will be stories in two or three parts by THOMAS NELSON PAGE, HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, MARY E. WILKINS, NORA PERRY, and others. Short stories, and articles on science, history, travel, adventure, games and sports, with hundreds of illustrations of the highest character, will render HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1891 unrivalled as a miscellany of the best reading for boys and girls.

"The best weekly publication for young people in existence. It is edited with scrupulous care and attention, and instruction and entertainment are mingled in its pages in just the right proportions to captivate the minds of the young, and at the same time to develop their thinking power." —*N. Y. Observer.*

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Specimen Copy sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Single Numbers, Five Cents each.

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IN Bristol on Jefferson avenue, near river, and in very desirable location; a stone residence, nearly new, with 13 rooms, broad piazzas, trees, water, gas, furnace and all modern improvements. Immediate possession given, terms moderate and payments easy. Apply to A. Weir Gilkeson, agent, Jesse O. Thomas, Gazette office, or MRS. M. B. O. THOMAS, Jefferson Avenue.

Also for Sale—First-class Piano, Mantel Mirror, Sewing Machine, et. al.

M. B. O. Thomas.

Miscellaneous

T. W. & C. J. Patton,

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BEST BRANDS OF

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 610 1st district: "CIGARROS", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.

NORTH STAR,

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY," The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market "THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.

"DELICIOSOS." Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

WILLIAM GRACE'S

New York Wall Paper Store.

A full line of Wall Papers and Window Shades, newest and handsomest designs. Painting, Glazing, Graining, and Kalsomining, Gratting and Paper Hanging a specialty. A nice line of fine goods for special use. No. 18 Mill Street.

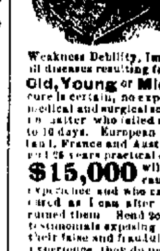
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Embracing a New Life of Christ, and a Story of Palestine and its People, illustrated with over 400 wonderful engravings of scenery in Holy Land, copies of old masters, and famous pictures from the Land and Times of the Saviour, also a grand picture of Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, in 12 colors and ten feet in length. This is DR. TALMAGE'S life work and his greatest book. Orders are now pouring in from all parts of the civilized world. You will never have another like it. 1,000,000 copies will be sold the first year. Agents should drop all else and secure territory. Such chances come only once in a lifetime. Exclusive territory given—full protection. The most remarkable and wonderful of all books about the Land, Times and people of the Bible. Go to work NOW and you will make hundreds of dollars. Territory going with a rush; act now; no capital needed. Name territory you want, and write at once for particulars to

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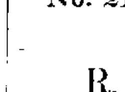
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